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"This book has been waiting to be written for many years!"—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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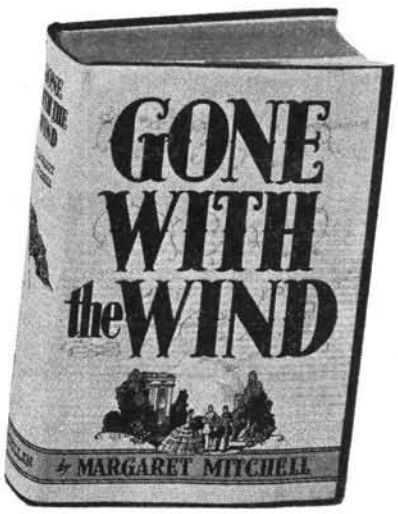

GONE WITH THE WIND

by

Margaret Mitchell

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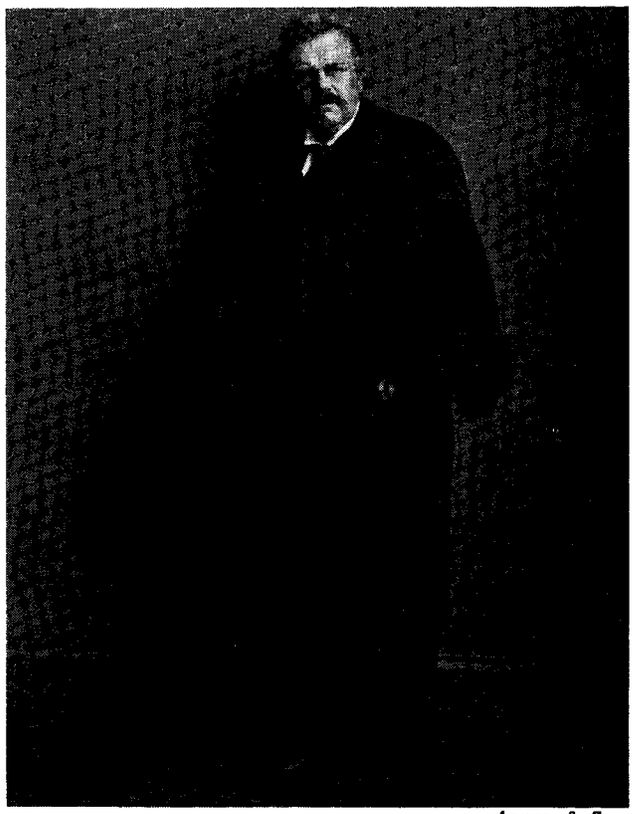
Gilbert Keith Chesterton

BY HILAIRE BELLOC



Annan & Sons

G. K. CHESTERTON

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON was both a literary figure and a political influence of far greater stature than his somewhat bewildered contemporaries in England today have as yet appreciated. I stood the other day at his grave-side, at the grave-side of this, the last to die of my intimate personal friends from the friendships formed in early manhood—which are the strongest in the world—and I marvelled at the nature of the mourners there assembled. I marvelled not at their exiguity, for they were very many—nor at their lack of distinction, for there was among them the greatest modern writer of English prose, Max Beerbohm; one of the most famous of the modern young men, Aldous Huxley; the chief of the Catholic communion in England, the archbishop of Westminster, who officiated at the Requiem and at the order of burial that followed. It was a great and an impressive gathering. But it had not in it those who should impersonally represent society as a whole. The only official representative of anything corporate was the High Commissioner for the Irish Free State. What an irony that he alone should be there, of official figures! He was indeed most worthily there, for Gilbert Chesterton had always been alive with understanding of the Irish people, he had stood in his later years overtly for that religion in the defence of which they have almost perished but which they have survived to defend, establish, and propagate throughout the world.

It would be I think to any visitor from the Continent of Europe an incomprehensible thing that this very great Englishman should have been passing through the funeral rites which should be and commonly are of national moment when national figures pass, and that there should be no trace of national recognition.

We have in this country an official press, for everything that counts is with us official; we have in particular one daily paper, *The Times*, which is openly and by definition official. Its memorial upon the dead man omitted all that was of importance in him—I have elsewhere called it with justice negligible.

I have written thus at the beginning of what I have to say not from a passing surprise or indignation, not as a mere expression of detached emotion, but as a text for what the man was and will be. He was the most English of Englishmen; but because he stood on one side of a certain line of cleavage which runs through all modern Europe, and grows in distinction and profundity with every passing day, he was not officially recognized by his country. Though he was devoted to that country with a simple and permanent filial affection based on a complete comprehension of it, though he was typical of it in every function of his mind and in all his habits, it looked at him somewhat askance and it treated him as in some way exceptional or alien. The line of cleavage of which I speak is the line dividing not so much the Catholic faith as the Catholic culture from its opponents. Official England is strongly rooted in opposition to the Catholic culture, and because Gilbert Chesterton had stood during all his active life upon the one side of the hedge, in sympathy with the Catholic culture and with all its products, because he had in the last issue openly declared himself a member of the alien communion, therefore did official England pretend that he was something other than he was. That official neglect was a most memorable gesture, and one the more memorable because in England it has passed almost unperceived.

As I so watched the farewell given on his own soil to this very great man, I asked myself a question which many are asking who knew how great he was: What will the future of that name be?

There will be nothing of greater interest in our local world, over here at this moment, than to watch the development of that future fame. Not that I shall see it, I am too old; he was even four years younger than I; but my children will begin to see the thing at work, and my grandchildren will see it finally registered. He wrote in the English tongue, and though that is now so widely spread he wrote at first only for an English public, piercing later to English-speaking publics elsewhere. He wrote wholly for the purpose of being heard by that public of his fellow citizens with whom he was in such deep communion. It was this which made him so difficult to translate into any other language; and though the scale of the man was soon recognized upon the continent of Europe, notably in France, his idiom was always entirely that of his birth and surroundings, of his family tradition, and of that group of things which belongs wholly to England and cannot properly

Next Week

A HORSE IN ARIZONA
By LOUIS PAUL
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

WHOSE CONSTITUTION?
By HENRY A. WALLACE
Reviewed by Felix Morley

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be known save to men of the English experience.

I knew him I think as well as any man ever knew another, not only from the depth of my affection, nor only for the intimacy and very long acquaintance of that intimacy—close on forty years—you may say the lifetime of a man, but most of all because so thoroughly did my mind jump with his, so fully did his answer meet the question my own soul was always asking, that his conclusions, the things he found and communicated, his solutions of the great riddles, his stamp of certitude, were soon part of myself. Therefore the testimony I bear to him is true.

There was in this communion between us something of heredity, and here I must be pardoned, against all modern convention, a personal note. I was brought up wholly by my mother, and in England: my father died before I can remember. Now my mother derived directly from that English middle class of yeomen and liberal stock which in literature and the arts, in law and even in arms, in merchant enterprise, and, most of all, in metaphysical and religious speculation, has determined the character of England from the moment of the Puritan triumph three hundred years ago. We were millers and small landowners of Warwickshire —of the Midlands—Nonconformist, originally Puritan, later skeptical, ending in Unitarianism. It was almost more a corporation than a class, it prided itself most justly on its high culture, its possession of the classics, its pure breed, its intense nationalism. Such was my stock.

Well, that was just the social stock from which Gilbert Chesterton also came. From the years in which a man first begins to strengthen and grow roots, from the late twenties, when we first met each other, each knew that the other had in him that foundation. I had been born of a woman drawn from that same blood, and brought by sheer power of brain into the Catholic Church.

I was not when I first met him as alive to the strength of that word "Catholic" as I am today; I myself have gone through a pilgrimage of approach, to a beginning at least of understanding in the matter; but it was never my good fortune to bear witness by the crossing of a frontier: a public act. Such good fortune was his. I was born within the walls of the City of God: he saw it, approached it, knew it, and entered. I know not which is for the run of men the better fate, but his was certainly of our two fates the better. Having said so much in this matter, I will leave it, for it is too personal and has been too prolonged.

Gilbert Chesterton spent his life not in the search for truth, but in the continual extensive and additional discovery thereof. Truth had for him the immediate attraction of an appetite. He was hungry for reality. But what is much more, he could not conceive of himself except as satisfying that hunger; it was not possible to him to hesitate in the acceptation of each new parcel of the truth; it was not possible for him to hold anything worth holding that was not connected with the truth as a whole. Hence that strange consistency, which had at once the simplicity of childhood and the complexity of the very wise, and which marked him throughout the whole of his life.

What was much more to his fellow beings even than this passion for what *is*, with the corresponding rejection, instinctive and total, of confusion almost as much as falsehood, was the driving power moving his spirit to disseminate what he knew.

To him should more fully apply than to any other of our contemporaries the capital sentence:—"The business of a man is to discover reality, and having discovered it to hand it on to his fellows." For this task he had happily been furnished with instruments of the most powerful kind, and it is to these that I would direct particularly the attention of those who may read me here. I would so direct them particularly because among his sheaf of talents, coruscating and gleaming with a multiple gleaming, there were those which might distract from the central thing. He played so much with the forms of the English language, he so much loved a jest, and that exuberant vitality of his was so passionately filled with the sense of adventure that the central thing in him—power of proof—may not be as apparent as it should be. For it was not only the central thing, it was the whole meaning of his work. I say of his work, not of his life. The whole meaning of his *life* was the discovery, the appreciation, of reality. But his *work* was made up of bequeathing to others the treasure of knowledge and certitude upon which he had come.

For it has been well and universally said by all those who knew him that side by side with and a product of that immense exuberance in happiness not only of himself but of all around, of that vital rejoicing not only in man but in every other work of God and in God Himself, the most conspicuous fruit was generosity.

(*Continued on page* 14)

Lines to a Certain Critic

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

YOU are my favorite critic;
You are so easy to read, for always
You write the same thing,
Which is:—

"Very inferior work, very inferior.
Why the author should have undertaken
To write this book
Is beyond comprehension.
How preferable it would have been
If a different theme had been chosen,
And if it had been differently handled
By a different author.

"To write a book
Requires special inheritance, education, tradition,
Severe discipline, a trained mind, an intellectual temperament,
A familiarity with the Latin, Welsh and Cambodian classics—
In a word, an equipment
Such as only a few of us possess.
This being so,
How could the generality expect to escape the pitfalls
That are offered by this profession to the feet of the unwary?

"It is to be hoped that we shall
Have no further
Attempts at literature by amateurs.

"The grade I assign to this book is
Forty-nine and eight-tenths percent . . .
Next!" . . .

And I remembered the Knitting Women
Who implacably counted stitches while
The Pride of France mounted the scaffold, smiling.

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Georgia Marches Through

GONE WITH THE WIND. By Margaret Mitchell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THIS is war, and the wreck and rebuilding that follows it, told entirely from the woman's angle. We have had other novels about the Civil War by women, including Mary Johnston's excellent ones and Evelyn Scott's remarkable "The Wave." But I don't know of any other in which the interest is so consistenty centered, not upon the armies and the battles, the flags and the famous names, but upon that other world of women who heard the storm, waited it out, succumbed to it or rebuilt after it, according to their natures. It is in the diaries and the memoirs—in Letitia Macdonald and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor and a dozen more. But it has never been put so completely in fiction before. And it is that which gives "Gone With the Wind" its originality and its individual impact.

It is a long book and a copious one, crowded with character and incident, and bound together with one consistent thread, the strong greediness of Scarlett O'Hara who was bound to get her way, in spite of the hampering ideal of the Perfect Southern Gentlewoman and the ruin that follows men's wars. She didn't, quite, in the end, though she got a great many other things, including money and power—but the tale of her adventures and her struggles makes as readable, full-bodied, and consistent a historical novel as we have had in some time—a novel which, in certain passages, as in the flight from burning Atlanta, rises to genuine heights. Miss Mitchell knows her period, her people, and the red hill country of North Georgia—she knows the clothes and the codes and the little distinctions that make for authenticity. Tara is a working plantation, not a white-porched movie-set—and Atlanta is itself and an individual city, not a fabulous combination of all the first-family features of Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans. The civilization of the ante-bellum South was something a little more than a picturesque gesture in gentility—and to a public a little surfeited with wistful reminiscence of the cape-jessamine side of it, Miss Mitchell's rather more realistic treatment should come as a decided relief.

For they are here, the duelists and the belles that we are accustomed to—but there is also Gerald O'Hara, the adventuring Irishman whose quick, restless vitality was able to build Tara into the pattern of a gentleman's plantation and whose charm, together with his finely-bred wife, got him accepted at last as one of the County. And there is his daughter Scarlett, who learned all the outward signs and symbols of the Perfect Gentlewoman, without ever, in the heart, subscribing to the code. We see her first in the raw blooming pride and ruthlessness of youth, with a most unladylike determination to marry the sensitive, appealing, rather dawdling Ashley Wilkes whether he happens to like it or not. We see her last, after three marriages, none of them to Ashley; bruised and hardened by life but still defiant, still with the strong, blind confidence of the dominant that tomorrow or the next day she will yet bend life completely to her will. It is a consistent portrait and a vivid one. And as consistent is the portrait of her opposite, Melanie Wilkes, who never had to think about being a lady because she was one, and who kept to the end the slight steel courage of the fine. The two women, their innate difference, and the curious bond between them are admirably characterized. And it is they, with Rhett Butler, the other nonconformist to the genteel code, who make the book—for Ashley, though ably sketched, is bound to be something of a walking gentleman and a romantic dream.

Jacket Drawing by George Carlson for "Gone with the Wind."

As background and accompaniment, there is the breakdown of a civilization and the first tentative steps at its rebuilding. Miss Mitchell, as I have said, attempts no battle-pieces, but the grind of the war is there, the patriotic fairs and the slow killing of friend and acquaintance, the false news and the true, the hope deferred and the end and the strangeness after the end. When Scarlett and Melanie, fleeing from Atlanta before the approach of Sherman's army, return to the O'Hara plantation, they return, quite literally, to a ruined world. That was the way it was, and Miss Mitchell's description of Scarlett's frenzied, tireless attempt to rebuild some semblance of life and vigor into Tara is one of the most fascinating sections of her novel. The young men were dead in the war, the land wasted, the field-hands gone. And a plantation, under those conditions, was about as easy a place to live in as a battleship in mid-ocean without its crew. But Scarlett bullied for it, slaved for it, and starved for it—and resolved, with bleak determination, that, come what might to the old code of gentility, she, Scarlett O'Hara, would never be hungry again.

How she made her determination good and what paths her determination led her through form the theme of the last sections of the book. I shall not spoil Miss Mitchell's plot by recounting it in detail, for it is a good one. But her picture of the early days of Reconstruction and the tainted society of scalawags and carpetbaggers through which Scarlett moved with Rhett Butler is quite as vivid as her picture of the war years. Throughout, she draws her distinctions with a sure hand. The extraordinary episode of the rescue of the ex-Confederates by the testimony of Belle Watling and her girls may not please Miss Mitchell's Atlanta audience but it has the convincing ring of folk-lore. And the post-war attitude of a dozen different types of human being, from Rhett Butler's to Ashley Wilkes's, is surely and deftly done—as is the amazing incident of Archie the ex-convict, who acted as chaperone and bodyguard to the ladies of Atlanta during Reconstruction days.

It is only one of a score of such incidents, for Miss Mitchell paints a broad canvas, and an exciting one. And, in spite of its length, the book moves swiftly and smoothly—a three-decker with all sails set. Miss Mitchell has lost neither her characters in her background nor her background in her characters, and her full-blooded story is in the best traditions of the historical novel. It is a good novel rather than a great one, by the impalpables that divide good work from great. And there is, to this reviewer, perhaps unjustly, the shadow of another green-eyed girl over Scarlett O'Hara—as Rhett Butler occasionally shows traces both of St. Elmo and Lord Steyne and Melanie's extreme nobility tends to drift into Ameliaishness here and there. Nevertheless, in "Gone With the Wind," Miss Mitchell has written a solid and vividly interesting story of war and reconstruction, realistic in detail and told from an original point of view—and, as the Book-of-the-Month selection for July, it should reach the wide audience it very genuinely deserves.

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Fifty Years of Paris Life

PARIS, 1870-1935. By Jules Bertaut. Edited by John Bell. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by KATHERINE WOODS

THIS book was written by a French journalist for a French public. Recently brought out in an English edition, it now appears in this country, to offer to American readers an enjoyable and stimulating picture of Paris life, as seen through Parisian eyes, for more than half a century. Needless to say, this view of the capital of France, its people, its events, its interests, is something quite different from the vision of Paris which exists in the mind of even the well-informed and sympathetic foreign visitor or resident. So completely—though perhaps unconsciously—does the reader accept this difference between Paris of the French and Paris of the foreigners, that he is almost startled to come across a casual mention of the Café de la Paix—what, do Frenchmen go there? It seems more natural, more French, to read, a few pages farther on, that during the period 1900-14, "the real centre of Parisian life was the Café Napolitain."

M. Bertaut's record begins with the end of the Commune and the establishment of the Third Republic, in a democracy which was political but not yet social, and which changed the life of Paris scarcely at all. Habits of democracy, in society, developed later, and somewhat slowly. After 1870, the capital went back to its salons, its gaieties, its "polished witty scandal," its extravagances, though the Germans occupied the outer fortifications still. Against this background, "with trepidation and bated breath," the government launched the great Liberty Loan to pay that war indemnity which had been conceived in terms of the impossible. M. Bertaut quotes the astounding figures of that never-to-be-forgotten response. And thus, at the very outset of his book, he gives you France.

Yet if, throughout his chronicle, the author sets down one example after another of those paradoxes and complexities by which France and the French people continue, in being themselves, to amaze, mystify, and sometimes exasperate the rest of the world, he certainly writes in no spirit of boastfulness. Rather is he critical in his general objective approach. But insomuch as his very entertaining recollections are concerned with people and how they thought and felt and acted, rather than with historic events as mere events, he does throw interesting light, almost casually, upon certain aspects of the French mind and character.

Paris is not France, of course; but Paris, when stripped of its tourists, can be seen to be very French! And M. Bertaut looks at the life of Paris, through the period he covers, from several vantage-points. In the salon, which changed little; the newspaper office, which changed vastly; the theatre, the club, the sporting field; among writers, actors, politicians, with Boulangists and anarchists and boulevardiers, here is a life, through half a century's development and modification, which is always high-spirited, always played upon by ideas and ready to fight and suffer for them, always full of apparent contradictions, always interesting. It makes a fascinating book. And beneath all changes and surface extravagances can be seen, if one bothers to look, the clear realistic French intelligence, the passionate sense of equality, the moral and intellectual fervor, of the French. They riot against abuses, M. Bertaut points out, not because they set feeling above thought, but precisely for the opposite reason.

M. Bertaut, it seems to us, is unduly pessimistic. He does not write as a partisan, but he is apparently one of those Frenchmen who have been saying to each other of late that "Poincaré would never have allowed this"; and he cannot help casting a nostalgic glance backward, away from our day. Yet even as he deplores recent change in Paris, he is showing that the more Paris changes the more it remains the same. And even in the waste land of today's world we can still be thankful that the French individualism and intellectual philosophy, and what M. Bertaut cherishes as the "old unconquerable spirit of opposition" among the French people, is neither choked by weeds nor withered; it burgeons still, with its strength in apparent fragility, its fragrance, and the beauty and richness of color that flowers above its thorns.

Katherine Woods, who has spent much time in France in the past fifteen years, is a member of the Société Française d'Archéologie.

TSAR NICHOLAS II AND PRESIDENT FAURE. *From "Paris, 1870-1935."*

Echoes of Tragedy

PARNELL'S FAITHFUL FEW. By Margaret Leamy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

THE personal magnetism of Charles Stewart Parnell still lives in this book. Mrs. Leamy was the wife of one of his most valiant supporters, one of the few who stood by him in that dolorous last year when the Church had given him up to his enemies, when the majority of his friends had thought it more politically discreet to have a change of leaders. Ireland suffered by the change; no one but Parnell could have held together an Ireland strong enough to outface the British Parliament of the eighteen-nineties and win an independence which, without him, was delayed for thirty years. The smugness of late Victorian morality, and the pettiness of party politics conspired to ruin him, but the mob continued to adore him after the fall, and some few of his followers gave to him the devotion that only a hero can awaken.

Mrs. Leamy knew all there was to know about the tragedies of that last year. Her husband held on to the end, loyal and steadfast in the midst of all the desertions. Together they saw Parnell inexorably broken, and together they grieved. Forty-five years later, she has written this book, which echoes still the old passions, and which gives, as no polished and literary document could, the spirit of those tense days when the fate of Ireland hung in the balance.

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DRAWING BY GEORGE ANNAND, *from the jacket of "Waterloo."*

The Hundred Days

WATERLOO. By Manuel Komroff. New York: Coward-McCann. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HAVING painted in "Coronet" a successful picture of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, Manuel Komroff has added a companion panel, equally vivid and colorful, depicting the "Hundred Days." The subject must have been too tempting to pass by. Probably no equally short period in all European history is so elaborately documented as that from the end of February 1815 to the 18th of June of the same year. Certainly none has attracted so many writers, not so much because the events were important and the records are abundant as because during those four months of Napoleon's last desperate bid for power, European history seems to have been plotted by a student of the rules of Greek tragedy. The action is complete and whole and of a certain magnitude, having a beginning (the escape from Elba), a middle (the battle of Waterloo), and an end (the final exile of Napoleon to his lonely rock in the south Atlantic). It contains "Recognition" (the troops sent to capture the escaped Corsican adventurer hailing their old general as Emperor), "Surprise" (the sudden thrust across the Belgian frontier; the arrival of Blücher instead of Grouchy), and a "Reversal of Situation" in which a hero, of illustrious station, falls from good to bad fortune through a tragic weakness. "Pity and terror" are inherent in the theme, and the story has become, Aristotle would note with approval, eminently a received legend, as familiar to modern readers as any tale of Thebes or Pelop's line was to the Athenians.

This familiar tale Mr. Komroff has adopted as a main plot. His book begins as Napoleon sails from Elba; on its last page the fallen emperor paces the deck of *Bellerophon* and realizes that he will never see France again. The events of the march on Paris and the Waterloo campaign have meanwhile been recounted with close attention to historic fact. This outline is supported by a series of episodes and incidents cunningly chosen or adapted from the great mass of Waterloo literature for picturesque contrast and historical color, many of them woven into a loose sub-plot about the meeting on the battlefield of two fourteen-year-old schoolboys, the one serving in the French army, the other in the English.

The incidents and the sub-plot are often highly effective; the main, historical narrative is less so. Since it can scarcely be intended as military history —this part of the narrative is hardly clear enough to be followed without misapprehension by an uninformed reader— "Waterloo," if it is to be more than mere historical reporting, must help the reader to feel either the emotions of the emperor or those of the people who welcomed his return. But though the author goes out of his way to deny some of the gaudier myths of the Napoleonic legend, he provides no plausible alternative. Both the glimpses of the crowd mind, and the occasional attempts to get inside of that of Napoleon himself, seem uncertain and half-hearted. Even the illustrative incidents are not as well selected here as elsewhere. None of them approaches the moving reality of the episode in which the French boy and his youthful English enemy sail a toy boat in the slowly reddening waters of a brook while the battle rages over their heedless heads. Something in the author's own style and point of view exactly fits this juvenile part of his sub-plot. He, himself, often seems to see the Waterloo campaign with the alert, insatiable, unanalyzing gaze of boyhood.

Backer of Bourbons

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S HENCHMAN. The Career of Jean, Baron de Batz, in the French Revolution. By Meade Minnigerode. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MEADE MINNIGERODE has an uncommon and uncanny facility for making the obscurities of history darker and more mysterious than are the records themselves. He is a Rider Haggard who sits at the feet of Clio, and the more melodramatic, the more eerily romantic, the tale he has to tell, the more he delights in the telling. His style is adapted to his matter—dashing, cryptic, and sometimes vulgar. The resulting books, when he has put his teeth into a subject, are a curious compound of real erudition, elusive mystery, and wild speculation. Amateurs of history who have a taste for D'Artagnan, Emily St. Aubert, and Lord Peter Wimsey, all in the same book, will find them highly palatable. Formerly he confined himself pretty well to American history and literature; more recently he has gone hunting in the puzzle-box of the French Revolution, out of which he has produced first "The Son of Marie Antoinette," which offered a new and interesting solution to a seemingly inexplicable problem, and second this biography of a little-known adventurer whose influence on the affairs of France in the late eighteenth century was certainly great, if less important than Mr. Minnigerode would have us believe.

Jean, Baron de Batz, was an aristocrat to whom clung none of that squeamishness which is usually associated with the upper classes. He was an arch counter-revolutionist, but his methods, to say the least, were neither orthodox nor attractive. In the early days he amassed a large fortune by means none too savory, and when the revolution was in full swing he used his wealth to further the cause of the King and aristocracy. His immediate plans were all failures: he did not save the King at the foot of the guillotine or contrive to rescue Marie Antoinette from her imprisonment in the Temple, but he did add fury to an already furious and bloodthirsty public, and perhaps by that means shortened the days of the Terror by making them more terrible, and thus eventually, but only when the Napoleonic meteor had burned and fallen, won the goal that he was working towards, the return of the Bourbons to the throne. His plans, as Mr. Minnigerode describes them, seem chaotic and confused, but he himself is always clear: a cynical and sinister figure, plotting incessantly, directing insidiously, ruthless in his unshakable and brutal idealism, but never failing to line his capacious pockets with whatever profits the changes of revolution might throw into his hands.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Editors

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Writers in a Time of Crisis

M. JULES ROMAINS, the author of "Men of Good Will," that extraordinary *unanimiste* novel which is appearing volume by volume both in Paris and New York, has long been one of the leading members of the International P. E. N. The American Centre of this international literary organization of poets, playwrights, editors, essayists, and novelists, held a dinner in his honor in New York recently at which he spoke of the responsibilities of writers in a time of crisis. Paraphrasing his remarks very freely, it may be said that this distinguished Frenchman believes that writers who do not recognize the essential solidarity of human nature in a civilized world are derelict in their duties to culture. He believes that it is the province of creative artists to foreshadow the will of the future, and to be aware in their work of what humanity hopes and expects. It is possible of course for the creative spirit to anticipate, even to wish for, with a kind of suicidal defeatism, the destruction of the culture within which it works. But Mr. Romains is right in saying that the competent writer who is unaware of, or indifferent to, the implications of his time must be set down as an enemy of his kind. M. Romains urged upon his hearers the necessity of lifting their imaginations to a world level, even though their immediate concern was with a short story, a sonnet, or a play.

The International P. E. N. clubs are to meet this September in Buenos Aires, and doubtless M. Romains will repeat in that Latin-American city, so cosmopolitan and yet so characteristic of a new-world society, his appeal to writers to be the leaders of the mind. It is well that he should do so, for not only writers but other intellectuals have been inclined to misunderstand their function in a tense and changing world. The P. E. N. has been instrumental in upholding freedom of speech and the solidarity of the artist class, and in warning against the esthetic and intellectual calamities that follow close upon war. They were the first to voice a protest against Hitler's subjection of art to the state, when their energetic action at the 1933 meeting in Jugo-Slavia led not only to the withdrawal of the German centre, which had become a state organ, but also to the formation of a new centre for writers in exile, and more recently to a show down which left no doubt as to the subservience of the Italian authors in both thought and imagination. Since then, under the energetic guidance of H. G. Wells, the P. E. N. has been helpful in many cases of injustice and depression. Yet, as Mr. Wells said at the meeting in Barcelona last year, writers make poor policemen, and (in spite of notable exceptions) inattentive diplomats. These are not their metiers. One book, powerfully conceived, deeply truthful, highly imaginative, may do more for the cause of civilization than all the "action" which all the writers of the world could carry through in a year. Consider, for example, the influence (whether for good or ill—we think for good) of Wells's own "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" in 1916.

But there is another function of the writer in times of peculiar international stress which M. Romains did not mention, although we think that he would agree with us as to its importance. No writer is entirely a free agent. He cannot escape from his environment. If he changes his skies to evade danger or oppression, he changes but does not escape from the influences of environment, which in countries alien to him makes for sterility and dislocation. For such writers the cultural League for exiles which Prince Loewenstein has founded may do much. But if the writer either by will or against his will, does not go into exile; if he stays, as writers often must, his thoughts remain his own, but not his words; yet even so he remains a craftsman, a writer, linked to his fellows in freer climates by the power (even if hampered) to create, and the will to express. Even as the servant of a dictatorship he may be an artist as well as a propagandist. Recent experience has shown that artists do not seem to flourish in the totalitarian state. Yet, if such states endure, they will have to do so. They have before.

Hence it is the duty of any international association of writers such as the P. E. N. to keep in touch with their fellow writers across the border lines of freedom. It is their privilege to remember that since the creative spirit knows no boundaries, their sympathies, their tolerance, and their support of all that makes toward the truth of art may go abroad, even if fellowship be restricted to writers free to speak for themselves and society, without reference to state-made principles. It is to be hoped that the writers of the countries where thought remains still relatively free will not repeat the error of those nations who after the war would give no countenance to the enemy, even when his gifts became such as they ought to have approved. If the writers are to help save us from the barbarism of dictated thought, they must be rigid in the principles for which they stand, but tolerant of the disabilities of literature under control.

Only so can we hope to keep the republic of letters international. Only so can we escape the prejudice which is the secondary stage of what originally may have been a just indignation. It was said at the beginning of the great war, on the authority of the past, that victors are much inclined to take on the complexion of the vanquished. No one believed it then. How many instances of its truth have we had since 1918! And writers who live in countries where free speech is still a dear possession may well take warning from this example. Their duty is to welcome and aid in any way the continuance of the arts under dictatorships, no matter how strongly they deprecate the attempts of arbitrary governments to subdue literature and the other arts to their own purposes. Otherwise we shall have, sooner or later, a self-righteousness of freedom, and such a counter dogmatism as the protesting literature of Puritanism began to exhibit when its independence was assured.

Maxim Gorki in literature will be remembered for an imagination which made the lowest depths of human depravity both credible and sympathetic to readers whom Zola often repelled. But in history he will be tagged inevitably with the recognition of the Soviet Republics. Just why, when all the past, even the immediate past, was being thrown into the discard, he was chosen as a symbol of a national interest in literature, is not entirely explained by his sympathetic attitude toward communism, or by his preoccupation with the exploited and the dispossessed. It is probable that even in revolution some leaders felt the need of an esthetic link with a great artistic past.

Ten Years Ago

Ernest Sutherland Bates reviewed "The Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant in The Saturday Review of July 3rd, 1926. "*Philosophers, teachers of philosophy, and anti-philosophers,*" wrote Mr. Bates, "*should all be grateful to Mr. Durant. . . . Useful to all of these, the book will be particularly enlightening to those of third class who have regarded philosophy as something 'up in the clouds;' it will convince the most skeptical that the great philosophers have, on the contrary, had their feet planted most firmly on this earth. If the meaning of human life, which Mr. Durant rightly takes to be the central theme of philosophy, is not relevant to human life, then pray what is?*"

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Letters to the Editor: *Boondoggling in Literature*

Scholars and Craftsmen

SIR:—In a recent editorial you imply that boondoggling in literature (even in all fields of research) exists because the researchers are either lazy or sand blind. On the contrary, they are neither. Most of them are industrious and observe everything that it is within the capacity and training of their minds to perceive. The difficulty is that the persons who are "turning out investigations which never get beyond the clay and spittle" are not scholars. We should not expect scholarly work from persons who are merely craftsmen.

Unquestionably our American idea of democracy in education has many meritorious features, but it is certain to lead to an oversupply of boondoggling research projects. It does make it possible for many persons who are ill-suited for scholarly pursuits to wear the scholar's gown. The question is where we should place the blame for the abuse of this democratic idea. Certainly, if we expect the teachers to protect us, we impose upon them a tremendous burden—a burden calling for the highest courage. This courage is needed to tell a young applicant for graduate work that he should abandon such plans and go back home and plow corn, or dig coal, or keep house, or sell groceries.

If the teacher falters and allows the applicant to begin his work, even more courage will be required later to discourage the young person who has labored long hours in the library to collect all of the written wisdom about his chosen thesis, who has circulated innumerable questionnaires in an effort to get even more information from others, who has burned untold quantities of electricity in copying long phrases and arranging footnotes in orderly and neat sequences, and who has spent a good many dollars in having several copies of the completed thesis typed and bound. Discouragement, in the form of failing marks at this last stage, only condemns the youngster to more of the same kind of drudgery in order to produce more of the same worthless material.

No real harm is done to society by having this non-scholarly work published (aside from the waste of paper and printing ink). The real loss is that represented by the efforts of countless persons who believe they are engaged in the production of useful works. The fact is that we waste the efforts of these pseudo-scholars who are capable of producing works which society *does* find useful. Much writing and research is not scholarly but, nevertheless, is useful to business organizations and even to scholars. We do not usually consider the mason's wall to be a work of art and yet, when incorporated in an appropriate unit as designed by an artist, the finished product may be a work of art.

The difficulty is not that the kind of work which these persons can do is worthless because it cannot be classed as scholarly. The real difficulty is that they are improperly employed. They are craftsmen and not scholars. The fault is not theirs. The fault is with us who have permitted such persons to design projects when they should have been laying the bricks.

T. E. S.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

"WHAT DESERT ISLAND WOULD YOU RECOMMEND FOR THESE BOOKS?"

Search for Poetry

SIR:—Having just seen the sad letter in your issue of June 20th written by Mary Gray—and this almost immediately after reading Max Eastman's gem of fourteen lines two pages before—I would like to remind her that the search is well worth while. "To an Athletic Girl" is surely sufficient refutation of her charge, anent the jaundiced eye turned by the editors and publishers of periodicals,—who are doubtless no less grateful than their readers when they are fortunate enough to discover "a grain or two of truth among the chaff."

Let us take heart then, Mary Gray, and continue to subscribe to the *S. R. L.!*

KAY HEGAN.

Katonah, N. Y.

O. Henry and Ships

SIR:—Mr. Quercus's comment on O. Henry, in *Trade Winds*, June 6, has aroused my interest and curiosity. You say that the only vessels he knew anything about were the Hudson River excursion boats, and he supposed that ocean liners also had paddles. I suppose that it might have been possible for him to live in New York and never see an ocean liner; but before he came to "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway" in 1902, he had fled to Honduras before he stood trial for embezzlement, and he must have gone from New Orleans by boat. Granted that the banana boats which cross the Gulf of Mexico are not very much like the greyhounds of the Atlantic, I wonder if at that time they were equipped with paddle wheels. O. Henry may have slipped, in this instance, but I cannot believe that it was through sheer ignorance.

Prompted by my interest in this one point, I have re-read, with much enjoyment, Robert Davis's "The Caliph of Bagdad," as well as a good many of O. Henry's own stories; for which pleasure, many thanks to Old Q.

MARGERY PIERPONT.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Medium Serious Fiction

SIR:—Good! for C. E. MacGill's letter in June 13th issue. Oh! that all of us who own lending libraries would rise up against the tide of dull and dumb tripe being sent out by publishers. Trash, goo, and "heavy" stuff is killing off the reading public, or else boring them to death, or near death. Novels with good stories are scarcer than hens' teeth. Why?

There is a constant plea from my clientèle for medium serious fiction—and 40% of my patrons are men from 25 to 65 years of age. There is also a demand for spine-chilling mystery and horror tales—and no supply. The hard-boiled detective story is passé with men readers.

Authors, give us some "stories," to absorb and entertain us!

M. TREVERTON.

St. Louis, Mo.

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New York's Psychic Highway

LISTEN FOR A LONESOME DRUM. A York State Chronicle. By Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. CARMER, who was born, reared, and educated in upstate New York, has wandered over that area for two years to obtain material for an imaginative report and interpretation in the style of "Stars Fell on Alabama." The result is an extremely entertaining sheaf of sketches—but not an interpretation. The book is alive from beginning to end. It is full of admirable descriptions, good stories, swift and sure characterizations, amusing dialogue, valuable revivals of old lore and legend. But whereas the work in which Mr. Carmer fell on Alabama achieved unity and disengaged the spiritual portrait of a State, this volume remains simply a collection of sketches. The explanation is easily found. It is not that upstate New York is larger than Alabama—for it isn't. It is not that it lacks color or variety, for Mr. Carmer discovers both. The reason is that Alabama (like Kansas) is a state of mind, whereas New York is not; even in the hill regions, even on the Bear-Path Road, it is too modern, too uniformly educated, too near the norm.

In his book on Alabama Mr. Carmer could (and did) write in the present tense; in this new volume he writes largely in the past tense. There was a time when upper New York was also a state of mind. To discover that time we have to go back for several generations —to the New York in which Joseph Smith discovered his golden tablets and invented Mormonism; in which John Humphrey Noyes founded the truly wonderful Oneida Community; in which the Millerites watched in spotless robes for the end of the world; in which the Fox sisters, dwelling in Arcadia Township, talked with spirits; in which the angry Masons carried William Morgan through western New York in a curtained carriage to Lake Ontario, where he disappeared forever; and in which the Shakers made New Lebanon famous for their combination of unorthodox religion with very orthodox business. Verily, a spirit of mysticism once produced strange phenomena in upper New York. In the Helderbergs, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills vestiges of that rural mysticism persist. But the "psychic highway" of which Mr. Carmer writes, the hilly strip twenty-five miles wide across the entire breadth of the State which produced Mormonism, Millerism, and The Woman Who Died Twice, is psychic no longer. The automobiles, State police, and milk trucks have taken possession of it.

But if Mr. Carmer's volume lacks the unity and hence the impact of his portrait of Alabama, it is quite as amusing and almost as instructive a work. Along with the sketches of the past (why did he omit John Brown?) there are a goodly number of the present. We are shown an all-night session of cockfighting, and by contrast the earnest souls at Chautauqua Lake. We are introduced to the Seneca Reservation, to Rochester striving for culture, and to a rattlesnake hunter in the northern hills. The author never lingers too long over one part of the map; he has a keen eye for human foibles; and he reports the salty dialogue of the common people with veracity. Occasionally the narration runs out on the level of ordinary magazine reporting; the account of a day with Company B of the State Troopers, for example. Usually it is better than that, and Mr. Carmer exhibits an instinct for the appropriate and unhackneyed phrase. In a section like "The Bristol Hills," he captures the very flavor of a countryside, the shrewd and direct folk who live in it, and the little melodramas that enliven community life. As before, he has made a specialty of the collection of good stories—the kind of stories that a neighborhood treasures for decades, and that are always good for a chuckle or guffaw. Altogether, it is a delightful book; a little closer to journalism, a little further from literature, than Mr. Carmer's first, but worth reading and keeping.

Allan Nevins is professor of history at Columbia University. His "Grover Cleveland: a Study in Courage" (1932) was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for biography.

DRAWING BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE. From *"Listen for a Lonesome Drum."*

The Most Modern of European Legends

ANCIENT IRISH TALES. Edited by Tom Peete Cross and Clark Harris Slover. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

IT happened that the present reviewer was conducting a course dealing with the epical and legendary cycles of Europe when this volume came out. The class turned to these stories about Cu Chulainn and Concobar and Medb, and after they had read the Iliad and the Odyssey, the Eddas and the Niebelungenlied, I was eager to find out how the minds of young Americans reacted to them after they had familiarized themselves with the Greek and the Nordic. Their opinion was that these had the most recognizable kind of human life, were the closest to our own time. And what was it in these stories of the early Iron Age that gave young Americans that impression? First of all, the sporting element that is so palpable in them; then the humor which is surprising to find in chariot-driving, spear-using personages, and the fact that women, instead of being in the background or on the sidelines, are well in the foreground. The stories that make up The Cattle Spoil of Cooley have not the layers of meaning that are in the adventures of Odysseus, have not the sustained passion that is in the Niebelungenlied, but we feel that we could know Medb, Emer, Cu Chulainn, Fardiad, as we never could know Achilles or Odysseus, Penelope or Nausicaa, Signy, Sigmund, Sigurd, or Gudrun. The Irish are the most modern of Europe's ancient stories.

A note on the wrapper of "Ancient Irish Stories" speaks of "the grandeur of their strange and bloody fantasy." Bloody indeed it is, with the heroes boasting of

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their man-slayings and carrying around as trophies the heads of their adversaries. But the fury that is in the Iliad, the grimness that makes the Niebelungenlied, are not the characteristics of the Irish epic tale. In the middle of a description of ferocious fighting we may come on an episode of extraordinary gentleness or a piece of extravagant humor.

I have been commenting on only one section in "Ancient Irish Tales"—the section that includes the Ulster or Red Branch Cycle. The main part of that cycle, the Tain Bo Cualnye, The Cattle Spoil of Cooley, is the matter that has been brought closest to the unity of the formed epic. It is the liveliest of all ancient stories: here is witty talk, playfulness, broad humor, regard for sportsmanship. It is their sportsmanship, indeed, that is the most noticeable feature of these epic stories. One could not imagine a Greek or a Nordic army being brought to a halt because one man declares that they must not pass into his territory until they send out a champion who can overthrow him in single combat. This is the great situation in the Tain, the situation that leads up to the combat of Cu Chulainn and his friend Fardiad with the unique incidents of the exchange of courtesies after the day's fighting. "Thereupon each of them went towards the other in the middle of the ford, and each of them put his hand on the other's neck and gave him three kisses in remembrance of his fellowship and friendship." A great heroic story this, with the sort of high-mindedness that one finds in some episodes in the Persian and the Indian epics.

"Ancient Irish Tales" is a valuable publication: all who want to know about the background of myth and legend that modern Irish writers — Yeats, Synge, James Stephens—make use of cannot do better than familiarize themselves with it. As a collection it is very complete: it contains the Ulster Cycle and the Ossianic Cycle that was developed in Gaelic Scotland as well as in Ireland—the stories about the Fianna—Finn, Ossian, and Oscar; it contains the mythological stories and the pseudo-histories of the early colonizations of the island with the charming medieval romances such as "Ossian in the Land of Youth" and the uproarious "Vision of MacConglinne" and the enchanting "Voyage of Bran." Professors Cross and Slover have selected the most authoritative versions that have been published in the last fifty or sixty years, versions which are all the better written for being the productions of eminent scholars; the present editors have added to the notable translations an important one of their own. All the salient narratives in ancient and medieval Irish literature are in this book.

Padraic Colum is a member of the Academy of Irish Letters; his latest book deals with early medieval Ireland—"The Legend of St. Columba."

Explaining Hitler

HITLER. By Rudolf Olden. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. $3.

HITLER. By Konrad Heiden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

RUDOLPH OLDEN, author of the first of the volumes under discussion, occupied a position of some prominence in Germany before the advent of Hitler. An officer in active service during the World War, possessor of the highest military decoration, he became one of the leaders of the peace movement in Germany during the years of the republic. A brilliant writer—his editorials in the *Berliner Tageblatt* went a long way in maintaining the erstwhile high plane of that publication—a gifted, courageous lawyer, noted for his defense of political cases before reactionary courts, a man who, forced to leave Germany because of his democratic ideas, is now considered one of the leading experts on Central European affairs in England, he is particularly qualified to present an adequate exposé of the Hitler problem. Added to his other qualifications is the fact that he has for years been a student of German history as well as of current affairs, his biographies of Stresemann and Hindenburg being his best recommendations in this direction.

HITLER:
A Japanese Caricature

Olden has made a thorough job of this book. He begins with the description of the country and people that played a part in the shaping of Hitler's career. Braunau-on-the-Inn, the place where Hitler first saw the light of day, is a tiny outpost in the provinces of upper Austria near the German border. Beautiful as the countryside all around is, many of those living here are, nonetheless, decidedly dissatisfied. They don't like being Austrians; they suffer from a national inferiority complex, fearing that "out there in the Reich" they may not be considered true Germans. Hence the overcompensation. They are German nationalists to the point of chauvinism. Many of them oppose Catholicism as a way of expressing their disapproval of Austria. Possibly they also hope to be considered better patriots.

Hitler's autobiography "Mein Kampf" provides a variety of contradictory information regarding his family and his education. He tells us that he had early felt the call to art and that he had deliberately engineered his failure at school in order to convince his father, the "petty customs official," of his artistic qualities.

He went to Vienna as a young man and for years led a life of poverty there. He had to turn to manual labor, and being the "son of a man in government service," as he repeatedly points out, he considered himself déclassé among the workers. This, in fact, was the reason he never became a revolutionary. For while he envied those possessed of wealth, he also had a sneaking admiration for them, but for workers he had nothing but hatred.

As a proper solution he hit upon anti-semitism. Olden explains this complex from the standpoint of the opportunity it affords to blame all social evils on "Jewish Guilt" as well as from the standpoint of Hitler's lack of personal assurance. Apparently he has had no luck with women. As a result he builds up a picture of "The Jew" as the ravisher of thousands of German girls. In any case, the whole range of Hitler's anti-semitism has distinctly sexual overtones.

Hitler went to Munich in 1913, without having served his term in the Austrian army. Consequently, when war broke out, he was obliged to enter the allied German army. At the end of the conflict, he resolved, to use his own words, to "become a politician." The center of his activities was a small anti-semitic, chauvinistic group, known as the German Popular Party, which in the exercise of its functions did not stop short of murder.

The man who finally achieved Hitler's rise to power was Herr von Papen. He it was who persuaded the President to make Hitler Chancellor, saying that the conservatives had nothing to lose and everything to gain from the destruction of the democratic government.

Olden's book ends with a wellnigh apocalyptic vision, the destruction of the West, unless rescue comes at the last moment. He quotes the warning of the Pope: "The States that deny Christ are laying the foundation of their own destruction."

In view of all this it is difficult to say anything new about Heiden's book. It is certainly worth reading as are all other books of this gifted journalist. It is bound to be of value to anyone who wants a quick glance at the most recent developments in Germany. It is written fluently, and is on the whole much easier reading than Olden's book, because it does not attempt to probe the same depths.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

A Casual Anthology

Rose

AFFIRM the power of the Rose
Who has a treaty with the Bee;
Her trade with him is wholly free—
She does not call it thievery,
Nor tariffs set him, for she knows
Her market value. All can see
Her honeyed power, fragrant might,
And damask wealth; for these she sold
Her perfumed harvest. Who's as bold
And wise as she who gives her gold
For burly buccaneers' delight?
Not those to whom this story's told!

—DOROTHY WATTS

Perpetual Motion

The cycle of family life is this: that by the time the youngest children have learned to keep the place tidy, the oldest grandchildren are on hand to tear it to pieces again.

J. Mistletoe: Unpublished Apophthegms

Unsaleability

Unsaleability is almost the hall-mark, in modern times, of quality in writing . . . the enormous and half-educated publics of present-day England and America, though welcoming the novels of our famous novelists, have as a rule acclaimed as masterpieces books that were soon forgotten, while ignoring at first all that was exquisite and rare.

—Logan Pearsall Smith, *Fine Writing* (S. P. E. Tract No. XLVI; Oxford Press).

Richest Since Shakespeare

The most accomplished master in recent times of English prose composition was Henry James; and the unsaleability of his later works was almost beyond belief . . . his immensely rich vocabulary —the richest vocabulary, perhaps, of any writer in English since Shakespeare— with his palatial metaphors, his great periods and parentheses, and the beauty of the phrases which glitter on his page, would appear to young writers in a hurry fantastic and absurd.

—Logan Pearsall Smith, ibid.

Jargon

Today, instead of "fun," we learn to speak of "entertainment-value"; instead of Tories we have "the forces of reaction"; instead of games, "recreational facilities." Instead of swords and guns there are "casualty-producing weapons." We no longer work together: we "co-operate according to a co-ordinated plan." We do not work whole-time, but "on a whole-time basis."

We do not hunger or starve; we exhibit evidences of malnutrition, or our diet is characterized by protein deficiency. A book is not instructive; it has a high education content. A frontier is not "defined" nor "fixed," nor even "determined," but "delimited" or "demarcated."

—A. P. Herbert, *What a Word!* (Doubleday, Doran.)

Live and Dead

It is amusing to note that all the "live" modern devices get their names from the "dead" languages. Even in politics the latest thing is always Latin—a "quota," or a "moratorium," a "referendum," or "propaganda."

—A. P. Herbert, ibid.

Professor Kittredge

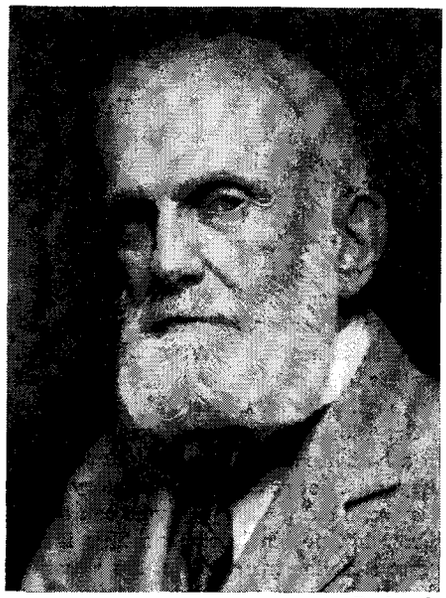
Professor George Lyman Kittredge is far too busy—working day and night on his one-volume edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works, to be published by Ginn and Company—attending Ph.D. oral examinations—giving uncounted hours of his time to interviews with students to whom he has been known to give advice on almost every subject, even marriage —writing terse letters of recommendation for newly-hatched Doctors—to give to newspaper anecdotes of himself more than a patient shrug. After much persuading, he has given reluctant permission to have some of the current stories repudiated and others rectified.

The report that he once switched off the hat of a man in the Harvard Library with his walking-stick and discovered the man to be the Reverend Professor Lake is not true. It is true that he switched off the hat of an undergraduate who was wearing it in Harvard 6 during a recitation in English 2.

The story that he went to Oxford to find the answer to a difficult problem and, not being recognized, was told that the only man in the world who could answer the question was George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard, is a curious sort of transference to him of a famous story (true or false) that used to be told of Professor Child, of whom Kittredge has been devoted disciple and worthy successor. Many years ago, when Oxford University made no special point of the teaching of English, a student went there to study it under the best possible teacher. He was told to go to Harvard and work under Professor Child.

Kittredge never owned a green felt bag. He always carries his books under his arm or in a tan leather brief-case.

He does not recall ever having slipped off the platform during a lecture and exclaiming: "At last I find myself on a level with my class!"



Bachrach

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

He denies having said: "Who would examine me?" when asked why he had never taken the degree of Ph.D.

He has never spoken of himself as the "last Victorian." The source of this error is that he once declared that there were only three men who knew what the term "Puritan" meant, and that he was one of them. He did not name the other two.

Much has been said of his severity on the platform. This not only inspires awe in his students but makes his words of wisdom linger long in their memory. Recently he had just finished elucidating some difficult passage in the play at the moment under discussion, when a voice said from the back of the room: "That is not the explanation you gave of that passage when I took this course thirty years ago." Kittredge instantly retorted with the quotation of a famous proverb in Greek to the effect that: "As we grow older we should also grow wiser."

—Editorial bulletin from Ginn and Company.

Ampersands

&&& When Tiffany's humbled themselves to put their name on that so long anonymous store, an ancient era vanished. &&& Miss Ellen Pendleton, retiring president of Wellesley, remarked to her last graduating class "I will give diplomas reluctantly to those showing lipstick or varnished finger-nails." &&& A jocular visitor at Wheaton College, Mass., remarked that the inscription carved on the library was appropriate for a female seminary: "That they shall have life— and have *It* abundantly." &&& There are

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too many Shavians and not enough Crashavians. &&& Always pleased, in crowded traffic, to see the red busses on 50th Street marked *Comprehensive Bus Corporation.* &&& We have done much ill, but never invented a Mae West story. &&& In the subway was a poster announcing the annual baseball game, Police Dept. vs. Fire Dept. Someone had altered these words to read *Cork* vs. *Kerry.*

Decline and Fall of Morals

If we can get back to morals, the world will again begin to progress in the spirit of achievement which has marked it for more than two thousand years. It will leave off the nonsensical chatter about a non-existent class struggle and an imaginary class consciousness, and it will learn that in a democracy ruled by the principles of liberty, the reign of morals makes these as unnecessary as they are impossible.

—Nicholas Murray Butler, *The Decline and Fall of Morals* (Columbia Commencement address, 1936).

Cradle Song

Sleep, boy children,
Everywhere;
Shut your ears
To martial air.

Of Mother's prayers
Retain the gist,
Grow up to be
A pacifist!

Norman Q. Reader, *A Primer of Poems for the Precocious.*

Ruskin on Walt

Dear Riley: These are quite glorious things you have sent me. Who is Walt Whitman, and is much of him like this! Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN

—Letter from John Ruskin to James Whitcomb Riley; catalogued by the Bodley Book Shop, N. Y.

Editing the Classics

Another deterrent to reading the classics of foreign languages is the unwillingness to modify a British translation for American use. The British translator commendably puts terms into the idiom of his country; the book, used in America, then carries two conflicting foreign flavors for our would-be readers. In the most generally used English version of Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina,* a Russian who weighs seventeen stone carries in his pocket thirty-seven pounds. In other words, he weighs 238 pounds and carries 360 roubles, worth about $180, in his pocket. But by the time these facts are achieved, the Russian atmosphere is gone and the spell of the story broken. . . . The texts of the classics should be clarified, not with notes for the scholar but with information for the layman. Illustrations, charts, maps must be used despite their costliness. To edit the *Odyssey* without a map of the hero's wanderings, to edit the *Divine Comedy* without charts of hell, purgatory, and heaven—these are shoddy jobs.

—W. L. Werner, *Editing the Classics for a Rootless Generation* (The English Journal, April 1936).

Fire and Form

How far from security must we move for freedom? How far from freedom must we move for security? In poetry you have the scale. All the difference between fire and form. I don't know how much fire to give up for form. I thought I did once. I thought once that I had given up all my fire for form, until I was cold. That was one of those youthful mental panics we all have. We get over it. How much does a less formal poet like Whitman gain in fire over a more formal poet like Emerson? I will leave that for your professors to tell you in their classes.

Form is largely a matter of coming out better than you thought you could. Getting in just to see if you can get out is the greatest thing about writing a poem. Why do you go to the North Pole?—to see if you can get back. You begin by losing a balance and then end by saving it. I suppose that's the way with making a piece of sculpture. It has to be saved. You have a perfectly straight block. And then you have to save it by doing something to it. It has to have a crooked straightness. It is a good class room technique, too. You go into the class room and make some ridiculous statement which makes the class sure that you cannot possibly get out of it—and then you save it. That's what makes a good class. That's what makes good form.

—Robert Frost, in a lecture at Wesleyan University. (Taken down stenographically by H. H.)

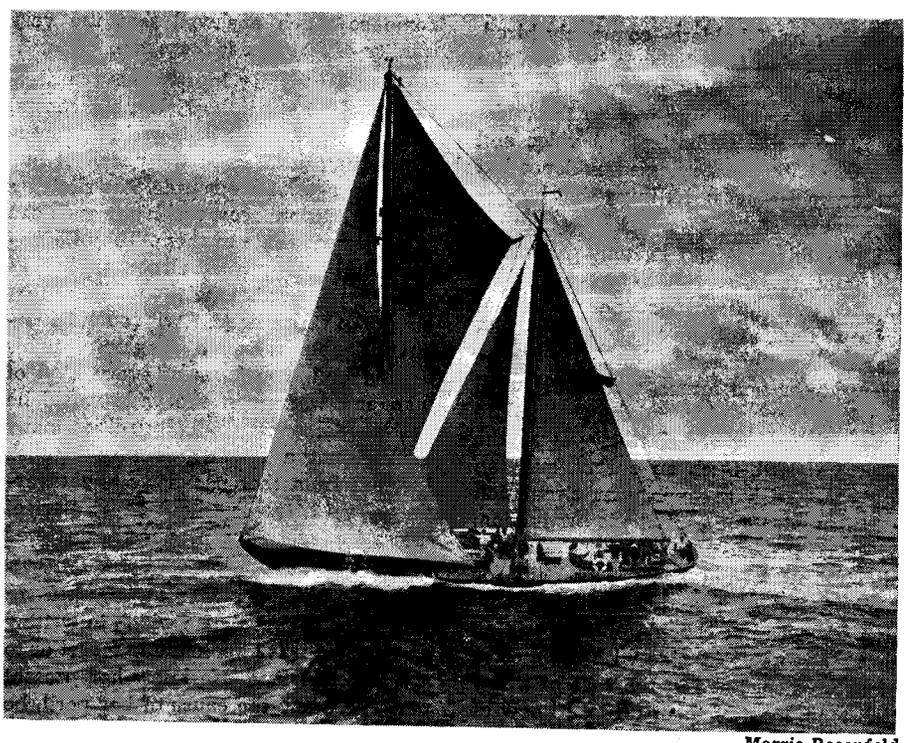
Seventy Years of Deep Water Sport

OCEAN RACING. By Alfred F. Loomis. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

YACHTSMEN will like this running history of ocean racing, done by an author well known for his "Yachts Under Sail." Till now there has been no full chronicle of the deep-water sport which differs from 'longshore racing as a voyage round Cape Horn in Maytime differs from a row in the park. Mr. Loomis's blue-jacketed narrative covers the whole field, from the beginning seventy years ago to last summer's crowded run to Norway.

For the start of it all, Mr. Loomis goes back to 1866, when three big schooners, *Fleetway, Henrietta,* and *Vesta,* stood eastward from Sandy Hook for the Isle of Wight. Captain Bully Samuels, late of the packetship *Dreadnaught,* "wild boat of the Atlantic," drove *Henrietta* across in thirteen days, twenty-two hours. Mr. Loomis gives a vivid account of the older era, and writes from personal experience of the great amateur sport which is ocean-racing today. There are intimate chapters on the Bermuda series, the Fastnet steeplechases, and the transatlantic and transpacific crossings to Santander, Honolulu, Papeete, the Channel ports, and Bergensfjord. For others than mariners, there is too much technical yachting lore, but anyone interested will recognize this as shop talk of the best. Fitted out with track charts, full crew lists, and a complete register of ocean-racing yachts, this is a good book about a great sport.



Morris Rosenfeld

VAMARIE, A FAST PRODUCT OF OCEAN RACING DEVELOPMENT.

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Gilbert Keith Chesterton

(*Continued from page 4*)

One of his contemporaries writing in these very days, moved by his death, has said publicly this exceedingly true thing. "He squandered, because he was a millionaire." He gave of himself and all that he had, and there was so strongly gushing so high a spring within him that his generosity was continual and universal. He could write on all things because he was in the spirit of all things and from this central position he could explain, predicate, and give peace.

The possessions of his mind, literary, historical, political, domestic, and foreign, were not only those of the cultivated man in the society to which he was born, that English society which he understood so thoroughly and which he attempted to save; they were also possessions held in a certain balance, in a certain proportion, with certain values which made the whole body of them not only a living unity but a just unity. He exaggerated in nothing save in emphasis of expression when rhetoric demanded. In statement of truth he did not and could not exaggerate because truth, which was his sole concern, is of its nature absolute.

Nor was he an advocate—and what a thing it is to be able to say of any writer or speaker in England today that he does not advocate but tells. Nearly all that men say and write with us is mere advocacy. In our public life the thing has grown to be a universal disease. All is special pleading and special pleading undertaken as is the special pleading of the lawyer, that is, undertaken for personal gain. We attempt to obtain the truth on any matter, even on small practical matters, by the new strange process of reading contradictory falsehoods proffered by opposing brief-holders—commonly hired. We think that in a balance between the two unreal extremes we may grope at something approaching fact. In the midst of such a chaos Chesterton's voice and pen proclaimed not selected evidence but the thing that *was;* the thing that he saw and knew.

Since this was the leading passion of his mind, to discover, to prove, and to proclaim, it followed of necessity that gain was adventitious to the affair. Gain was necessarily present, for his audience grew larger and larger, continuing until the last hour and certainly destined to increase further and further yet as the years proceed. Such an output, such an audience, such a consequent circulation meant, under our capitalistic production, gain for all those who undertook the mechanism of it and necessarily gain for himself. But gain could not be his motive. He was not capable of entertaining that motive side by side with the motive of expression. Save in the case of a few rich men, most of them futile, I know of no other among his contemporaries to which this judgment applies. We all work

A DRAWING BY CHESTERTON

"The good breeding of a hostess is known by her power of putting her guests at their ease under the most difficult circumstances."

for our living; so did he, but the living came as a result of the work, the desire, or even the necessity for it, did not produce the work. Others also would now and then do work separate from their ordinary in order to feel for once free from economic necessity. The poets have for the most part withdrawn themselves from that necessity and here and there some fastidious writer under the advantage of a private fortune has done the same. But this man was the extreme opposite of the fastidious. This man was never withdrawn from his fellows. This man spoke aloud in the market place and spoke continually and yet was not of the market.

So worked under such conditions and inspired by motives so singular to himself this high contemporary, living wholly in an air of freedom, acting only under his own will in a day when, particularly in the world of letters, wills have become so much enslaved that the very quality of freedom is forgotten.

When I consider the various manifestations of his spirit, how clear the central nature of that spirit becomes! His ceaseless setting down with the pencil of human character, for example. The sketches lie in profusion; scores of his friends can bring forward sets of them. They lie finished and half-finished all around him as it were, scattered along the whole of that long path which he trod with such triumphant happiness from his beginning to his earthly end. The faces of every kind of man and woman in the wide world he knew, all characters, all absurdities, many virtues, not a few dignities of English life, fell from that pencil, as might verdure from a tree, without effort, part of himself perpetually produced—scattered at will and penetrating to the very roots of England.

I return to that theme which in writing of this man it is impossible to forget or to abandon, England. He knew her present peril, he knew the cause of her peril, he was tireless in exposing and correcting those causes. Nor is this unhappily today a passport to England's gratitude. Whenever was it a passport to the gratitude of a society that its peril should be emphasized, ridiculed, denounced with high rhetoric, checked or seared with scorn? Now Gilbert Chesterton throughout his life was on the side of those who at so much risk determined to reverse if reversed it could be the current of the time. All around him was a society which had determined upon the opposite and fatal course — hiding its weakness — and of erecting an imaginary world that should satisfy foreign critics and lull its own confidence in security. Against that official mask he pleaded and laughed continually. But alas, it was against a mask that he laughed, to the cardboard ears of a mask that he pleaded, and on the empty, scissor-slit eyes of a mask that he gazed. If any man could have reversed the current he could have done so; but there would seem to be a fatality in all this, and, evils having been entered into, it would seem that they must bear their fruit, unless indeed there should be repentance. What collective repentance has ever been known? Penance it would seem is for individuals, and happy indeed such individuals who can perform it, for the most part they must "dree their weird" and perhaps all nations will dree their weird more surely than individuals do.

I wonder whether in times to come men looking back upon the present crisis of our national fortunes will not see some connection between the moment through which we are passing in those fortunes and the loss at that moment of this great spirit. In two senses of course he is not lost, neither to the England which he so loved nor to ourselves: in the lesser sense that the living word is never lost he continues, in the greater sense that the living soul lives for ever and is secure he continues. And we are secure in that knowledge. But there goes through me some thrill of fatality when I think that this life ended, just in that phase of our society during which it has manifestly failed to redeem itself and has met that failure by nothing more than empty boasting and puerile falsehood.

O dear and sacred head! Companion, champion, and friend! The greatest master of the prose word among the pagans said:—

> If there be some place of groves, as our fathers loved to imagine, wherein the spirits of the just may take their peace, there shall I find you.

But he and I were not pagans. I use no if. Whether I shall attain the permanent places I know not, nor does any man; but he has attained them.

Among Hilaire Belloc's numerous books may be mentioned his "History of England from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Present Century," in several volumes, not yet completed, and his recent biography, "Milton." Several of his books were illustrated with drawings by G. K. Chesterton; the drawing reproduced on this page is from "The Man Who Made Gold" (Harpers).

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Behind the Constitution

FIFTY-FIVE MEN. By Fred Rodell. Harrisburg: Telegraph Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by E. D. KENNEDY

FRED RODELL'S study of the Constitutional Convention should be a text-book in every school, nor would it be a bad idea for adults to return to school for the sake of reading it. Based on extensive notes taken by James Madison—one of the fifty-five men who framed the Constitution of the United States—Mr. Rodell's picture of the Founding Fathers is a complete antithesis to the popular conception of them. Not that the book is an essay in debunking. Indeed, it might be criticized as almost too completely founded on Madison's notes and as containing too little, rather than too much, interpretation. Yet it was Mr. Rodell's intention to let the facts speak for themselves, and certainly they do speak with a most convincing voice.

The Constitutional Convention met in secret sessions. Not a word of its deliberations was published until the appearance of Madison's journal—and that document was made public only after the death of Madison, who outlived his fifty-four fellow delegates. Had there been daily reports of the Convention's proceedings, it is unlikely that the Constitution would ever have been adopted. Nearly every one of the Founding Fathers was what liberals would nowadays refer to as a Tory, and what we commonly understand as democracy was foreign to them. They quarrelled violently over the question of whether representation in the new Congress should be on the basis of population or on the basis of States. But they were unanimously agreed that the new government should accord the fullest protection to property rights. The bugaboo of the Founding Fathers was not the proletarian in the modern sense (the country had not yet produced a large industrial class and most of the states restricted the suffrage with some property qualification) but the small farmer. Being a landowner, the small farmer could vote. But then (as now) he was continually in debt, was always looking for some way to escape from his commitments, and was a congenital soft money man. And in 1787 he was the dominant factor in the election of State legislators. The Constitution represented, to a very considerable extent, an early struggle between the large landed aristocrats and the mercantile classes on the one hand and the farmer on the other. The farmer finished a bad second.

The point of view of the Founding Fathers is clearly reflected in the famous system of "checks and balances" which has been so often upheld as the Constitution's crowning glory. The checks and balances were not so much designed to protect one branch of the government against the other as to furnish a series of obstacles to "pernicious" legislation (such as authorizing paper money). The Delegates did not trust the House of Representatives, which was to be directly elected by the people. It had more faith in the Senate, which was to be elected by the State Legislatures, but the State Legislatures were themselves none too reliable and might put unsound men into the Senate. For a long time the Fathers pondered the advisability of having the President also elected by Congress, but an unreliable Congress might also elect an unreliable President, and so they gave the people the right to elect the President, not because they liked the people more but because they liked the Congress less. And the chief reason why they did not restrict the President to one term was because, as one delegate put it, to put a man into office on a one-term basis was simply telling him to "make hay while the sun shines." They were very realistic, the Founding Fathers, and, as Alexander Hamilton observed, "a reliance on pure patriotism has been the source of many of our errors."

Mr. Rodell's study is therefore an example of the economic interpretation of history. Since nearly everything in the book is a quotation or paraphrase or summary of Madison's journal, the accuracy of the picture can hardly be questioned. And, with the lone exception of James Wilson of Pennsylvania, the delegates showed a consistent preference for property rights rather than for personal rights. (Even the famous Bill of Rights was, of course, not a part of the original Constitution, but was tacked on as a sop to insure ratification.)

Mr. Rodell is an Assistant Professor of Law at Yale University. His style is popular to the point of becoming, at times, careless and slovenly, and brief biographies of the fifty-five men would have added much to the effectiveness of the narrative. Yet the contents of Mr. Rodell's volume, plus Mr. Rodell's willingness to picture the Constitutional delegates as men without either horns or haloes, make his study an extremely enlightening document. The Constitution has again become a vital factor in the economic and social life of the nation. And Mr. Rodell's book leaves no doubt but that the recent anti-Administration decisions of the Supreme Court, whether or not they are correct interpretations of the Constitution as it was written, would have met with the hearty approval of the men by whom that document was composed.

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A Schooner's People

FULL AND BY. By David Stanley Livingstone. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. 1936. $2.

OVER a hundred years ago, in Edinburgh, an old pensioner named John Nicol set down the memories of his sea-faring youth. "The Narrative of John Nicol, Mariner," was one of the first of the books by common seamen that were to slide with increasing frequency from the ways of nineteenth century publishers. We remember it as being the best of the lot, and cannot pay David Stanley Livingstone a more honest compliment than to compare his narrative with that of John Nicol. Livingstone's prose does not have the almost Biblical cleanness and simplicity of Nicol's, but at times it speaks with the curt voice of essential experience.

"Full and By" tells of a short-handed voyage made in 1910, from Boston to St. John and back, in a two-masted schooner hogged and rotten with age. The opening chapter and the outward voyage do not differ much in quality from the average book of this kind. But the voyage home, through seven appalling days of fog, reaches the level of the finest realistic writing that anyone has ever done about the sea.

And it is sheer realism. The great sea novelists have tended to become mystical in like circumstances. Livingstone sticks to his facts. By so doing he builds five sharp and excellent character studies of the schooner's people. Koos, the hop-head Afrikander cook who runs berserk for want of his drug, is appallingly vivid.

The book ends with a twenty-eight page glossary written in a jocose vein. It is not to be trusted in its entirety. The definition given of a brig, for example, is that of a hermaphrodite. The publishers are to be commended for the binding, appropriately stamped with a chart of the waters traveled—a workaday chart, with sea-monsters and mermaids eliminated in favor of depths in fathoms.

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Greece and the Good Life

THE STORY OF INSTRUCTION. THE BEGINNINGS. By Ernest Carroll Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by EDITH HAMILTON

THERE are as many points of view as there are writers on Greece, irrefutable proof that she is still a power, never yet successfully imprisoned in any set of formulas. To read about her is to start thinking. As Aristophanes said of Euripides, she makes us "think, see, understand, suspect, question," she is still so vivid, so arresting, so strangely moving.

Mr. Moore's interest is public affairs; he looks at Greece not for her art or her philosophy, but for her contribution toward the good life as a wise statesman understands it. He does not set America over against her; he never draws the lesson we might learn from her, but the idea of it is basic in his book. So he brings out how in the dark confusion after the terrible Peloponnesian War the old methods for ordering human life proved inadequate; the outside shapers of behavior, custom, law, religion, failed. "Human concerns had to be much more deeply pried into than ever they had before," and Socrates battled to lead each man to discover within himself the only rule for life that can endure. Only when men want what is good will there be a good state, for "states are made of men, by men, for men," and Plato is right that "no compelled discipline is lasting in the soul."

Therefore Mr. Moore has nothing but sternest condemnation for Sparta, "a horrible scheme of life, a state organized for war alone." He allows no concessions, not even a word about the three hundred at Thermopylae, joking about the number of the Persian arrows while they waited for death and inspired words which in the baldest translation have power to move: You who pass by tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here obedient to their laws.

There is no room for the romantic in this book. Mr. Moore's eyes are fixed upon human coöperation to make life better. In a world where men must live together "independence is non-existent —nothing but harmonious working is freedom."

It will be seen that Instruction is used to cover a wide field. Mr. Moore's underlying thesis is that in human concerns an isolationist policy is not possible. One can study the stars by themselves, but one cannot study schools except in connection with the life around them, "all parts commingling, all activities running in strength at one and the same time." To understand the education of the men who fought off Persia, argued with Socrates, gave civilization to the world, one must know Greece, her laws, wars, thinkers, artists. Mr. Moore packs into his 375 pages an account of all these, along with a history of formal education in Rome as well as Greece, and yet, astonishingly, with all its brevity his book is not a bare skeleton, it has life. The reason is his own enthusiasm. He is very wary of displaying it; he writes always soberly and with restraint; nevertheless it comes through and the book lives in consequence.

The result is a volume which makes an excellent starting point for a student on his way not only to Greek methods of education, but to any part of the Greek achievement. The irredicible minimum of background is there, so presented that the survey will only quicken interest. For the rest of us, it is a book to bring vividly home what was once the great aim of instruction, to train for citizenship, in Greece a high office, not discharged by paying taxes, but always a major duty of life and a major interest, too.

Edith Hamilton, author of "The Greek Way," was for some years head of the Bryn Mawr School for girls.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH AT BREAKFAST *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Surly London accountant diabolically envenomed: employer disappears. Hanslet, Waghorn, and sedentary Dr. Priestley solve it.	Unusually clever murder method, good clue-by-clue plodding Bulldog British sleuthing, and a plenitude of red herrings.	Top drawer
THE CORPSE THAT SPOKE *Robert H. Leitfred* (Green Circle: $2.)	Post-mortem message of strangled bank cashier elucidated and gangster-boss dominion smashed by Simon Crole.	You may not credit the speaking corpse part but the rest fairly hums with excitement and rough stuff.	Hammettic
A CLOSE CALL *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan: $2.)	Ne'er-do-well son-in-law of English policeman killed with evidence pointing to bobby. Automatic solution.	Expert web spinning and plausible characterizations do not make up for general somnolence and verbosity.	Dull

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The State of Eugenics

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN. THE GOAL OF EUGENICS. By Ellsworth Huntington. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $1.25.

Reviewed by F. H. HANKINS

OF all the world's evangels, eugenics is for the scientific mind one of the most attractive, and Professor Huntington, one of its most convincing exponents. In this little book he has packed a large amount of persuasive argument and a not inconsiderable degree of social idealism. Based on an earlier "eugenic catechism," it has retained the question and answer form. Its 371 questions cover nearly every phase of the eugenic issue, from the laws of Mendelism to the personal, familial, and political problems involved. Throughout, one is not allowed to lose sight of the main objective which is very simply the increase in the number and size of desirable families and the decrease in the number and size of undesirable ones. Nor is one very often allowed to feel that the attainment of this greatly-to-be-hoped for goal is subject to pessimistic and cynical doubt; rather it is envisaged as a reasonable expectation of a progressive outlook in an improving world.

This book is intended for the general public; and as such is one of the best yet published in this country. Most of its facts are well known to students of these matters. Moreover, it gives conclusions from research rather than details. In these days when many volumes are exhibiting for public approval the economic horrors of the capitalist system, it is hoped the public will fix its gaze some of the time on the horrors of our reproductive system as exhibited here. Although the style is didactic and lacks most of the romantic touches of certain widely read eugenics works of recent years, the catechetical form carries the reader along without the effort necessary to follow a sustained argument. It also enables the author to guide the reader's thought along the channels desired.

If the author appears sometimes to have passed over serious practical difficulties with too optimistic and smooth an answer, even the severe critic will admit that the tone is tolerant and the concessions are often all that the critic would demand. Thus, for example, the social environmentalist might be surprised to discover the following: "A man who makes a clever gangster when brought up in the slums of New York might have become a great scientist if he had been trained from earliest infancy in the home of a man of science." The author might have added that sometimes the slum produces the scientist and the scientist's son becomes the gangster. This would at least suggest that an unfavorable environment does not always overwhelm genius, or a favorable environment produce it.

It is, however, impossible under existing cultural conditions to write a book setting forth a program of positive eugenics without resort to idealizations which border on the utopian. At least two very fundamental difficulties confront such a program, the ideological and the economic. Married couples, especially wives, must be led to cherish parenthood as one of the supreme values of a good life; and they must be enabled to fulfil that desire without involving themselves in sacrifices that seem greater than the compensations. Professor Huntington has worked out proposals, some of them clearly utopian, for meeting the economic problems. He rightfully rejects the family-allowance system as practised in France and elsewhere, and favors further exemptions in income taxes and endowment funds for the encouragement of larger families among selected elements.

It would seem that the ideological factors are equally difficult. A virtual revolution in the education of girls, the status of woman, and the whole mores of our domestic institutions will be necessary to make motherhood fashionable among the brain workers and more or less taboo among the hand workers. Eugenics must become a state religion; and this would seem to require a clear and easily dramatized threat to the national existence. Some elements of such a change have developed in post-war Germany; but America has both a different traditional scheme of social values and a different political situation.

Nevertheless it is to be devoutly hoped that this little book will be widely read. Probably no nation in the world needs an increase in eugenic consciousness so much as America, for in no country are the able and successful so heavily taxed to make life easier for their opposites.

F. H. Hankins is professor of sociology at Smith College.

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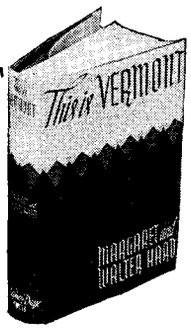

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Make a singer of a man.

Guardian Angel of Royalty in Distress

PATRIOTIC LADY. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $3.

A WELSH servant girl on the loose whom Charles Greville made a Beauty, Sir William Hamilton made a Lady (all he could do), and Horatio Nelson made the patroness of the British navy before he left her to his slightly bewildered country, Amy Lyon has been the subject of many biographies, sentimental, patriotic, prurient, shocked, denunciatory, but of none so readable, so devastatingly accurate, or so coolly amusing as this.

Amy Lyon's rise, by way of various protectors, from a peasant's cabin to be wife of the senile British ambassador at Naples has been paralleled, more or less, thousands of times by handsome amoral wenches whom luck, coarseness, and a determination to please the gentlemen have served better than brains or character could have done. Since she was born in the eighteenth century, she was painted by Romney in classical attitudes and adopted more than she could spell of the current language of sentiment, but easy pliability like hers is at home in any age or country and her arrival at wealth and modified respectability in the congenial setting of the shoddy Neapolitan court makes a familiar tale. At the very moment it is again to the fore in Vincent Sheean's just published novel, "Sanfelice."

The last phase of her story, however, her incredible apotheosis as the Egeria of Lord Nelson, the guardian angel of royalty in distress and the titular goddess of British patriotism, was one of those excruciating practical jokes which only history dares play. Given Amy's past it was inevitable that when the hero of the Nile returned to Naples she should hurl herself at his head. But that the eccentric battered little hero should prove as susceptible as she was eager was Amy's amazing luck. Lest the reader should think the ensuing comedy of the over-blown beauty, the smug lover, and the complacent husband provocative merely of ribald mirth, Miss Bowen has sketched in the brief, grim history—it is this grim history which lends tension to Mr. Sheean's novel—of the revolutionists at Naples whose tragic heroism was fatally entangled with this vulgar farce. Because Emma Hamilton was flattered to serve the malice of a queen, Neapolitan freedom was drowned in the best blood of southern Italy, and a British admiral cheerfully lent himself to the work of treachery and murder.

Miss Bowen, however, wastes no moral indignation on characters as obtuse and empty as Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. She tells their story lightly, ironically with the rapid, vivid prose and the easy scholarship which we have come to expect of her. "Patriotic Lady" is nearly if not quite the most entertaining book of her long and honorable list. One can almost forgive so worthless a life as Amy Lyon's since it makes so good a story.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS instalment of my department is sent from the Pacific Coast where I have been very busy at the Mills College summer session. Nevertheless, I have had a chance to look through half a dozen books of poems. Among those by younger men, *Robert Fitzgerald's* "Poems" (Arrow Editions: New York) should have been reviewed long ago. He has published in *Poetry, Pagany, Alcestis, The Criterion,* and *The New Review.* His twelve poems in "Ten Introductions" received some favorable comment.

Mr. Fitzgerald's poems are as "intellectual" as one would expect and recall to us certain of *Max Eastman's* remarks in his lecture on "The Cult of Unintelligibility." But there is sturdier stuff in Mr. Fitzgerald's work also and even, as in his bow to Campion, song. The poem "Perspective" tells you about love in modern language, yet setting it against what the old poets would have said, which leads one to feel that the straightforward phrase of "the old poets" wasn't so bad after all. Here is the poem:

I tell you this present, now on the instant, quick
Dazzled with history our passion lightens.
See, the arteries of the body ravel out
Fiery threads, the fair
And cherished flesh a keen vapor
Of vision blows in the holocaust:
Just as the old poets would say, that time
Eats up sweet love and dainty coupling,
Love consubstantial, the restful world,
Transfigured in this pale blaze expires.

The last lines seem to me jumbled, though Donne might have liked "love consubstantial."

His section Three is probably the most explicit. A poem like "Metaphysician" baffles me wholly, though I have read it a number of times. "Memory of Flowers" is delicate and "Night Images" shows that this poet can be effective when forthright. Throughout the last poem, "First Movement," I got various interesting intimations of things, and always the poet has command of languid cadence and fragile phrase. He still talks mostly to himself. It is the mode of the day, but he conveys little indeed of his own day. He is quite aloof from it. Baffling, and somewhat fascinating. One feels his poems should mean so much more than they evidently do. What one can entirely understand does not illuminate life newly. Yet Mr. Fitzgerald can give us as shining a picture as this:

GARDEN PIECE: OCTOBER

When as in suit of light this lady goes
And network of the morning on her hair,
The sharp wind blows—
More light her step than leaf upon the stair—

Shake through the bronze of autumn this of gold,
This tingling aether, under the blown trees,
Caught by the bold
Storm of her walking, brightness about her knees.

A veritable tome is "I in the Wind," subtitled "Symphony No. 1 and Minor Songs," by *Maud Slye* (Boston: The Stratford Company). "Like [*sic*] Einstein has his violin and Michelson his painting," remarks the Chicago *American,* "Dr. Slye finds solace and comfort in poetry," for she is a research scientist in medicine. Her photograph is frontispiece to the book. Poetry is not her vocation. These outpourings have pleased her as an avocation. We will not linger with them.

Boris Todrin is a young poet in whom Edwin Arlington Robinson was interested and whom I have mentioned before in these columns. His "The Room by the River" is published by The Black Cat Press of Chicago, whose publications I have also had occasion to comment upon favorably. I like "Son" and "The Bell" best of these poems. The influence of Mr. Robinson is quite naturally upon some of them. In others the poet is finding himself and has not yet quite arrived. Sometimes he is more clumsy than adroit. However, the book as a whole contains indubitably interesting work, and I believe Mr. Todrin has here the foundation for remarkable work in the future. As it is he gives evidence of imagination and insight into life to an unusual degree, in a young man.

Wilbert Snow is a poet from Maine, as was Mr. Robinson. Snow was born at a lighthouse and coast guard station, White Head Island, which is off the coast at the entrance to Penobscot Bay. Later his family moved to Spruce Head on the mainland. Mr. Snow has told us much of that place in "Maine Coast," "The Inner Harbor," and "Down East." The poet, after graduating from Bowdoin and being elected to Phi Beta Kappa, has been what he thinks of as a "tramp professor," teaching at New York University, Bowdoin, and Williams. He was even Eskimo school teacher in Alaska! He now teaches and writes poetry at Wesleyan, and brings up his five sons. It is time we had his "Selected Poems," and it is a good honest book, published by *Edwin Valentine Mitchell,* Hartford and New York. There are all kinds of poems, long and short, but they deal with the people and events and backgrounds that the poet knows best, his own Maine people. The thing Mr. Snow has always lacked is an unusually distinctive style. His poems, however, are rich in humanity. There's the matter of individual phrase, too; it doesn't appear as often as one could wish. One's way of stating things is an essential part of poetry, and often Mr. Snow is content with the well-worn or prosaic. Read him for his stories, though, and you'll get some good ones. A thoroughly likeable New England companion, who knows the ways of fishers and sailors.

The AMEN CORNER

"Having been born in the year 1856, it would be idle to deny my Victorianism even if I wanted to do so, and after all it is a drawback which is shared by some very eminent authors."

—F. ANSTEY.

The Oxonian has frequently been found of late sitting in his corner chuckling to himself. Some brands of humour, like some wines, do not retain their flavour after a certain lapse of time and do not travel well. Such is not the humour of F. Anstey, the author of *Vice Versa, The Brass Bottle,* and *The Tinted Venus,* whose quietly delightful posthumous autobiography was published the other day by the Oxford University Press[1] under the title *A Long Retrospect.*[2]

One of our favourite stories is that "of a certain very majestic and awe-inspiring headmaster of Eton, who, on paying a surprise visit to the fifth form, found them all very behindhand with their work and rebuked them with tremendous severity. After which he opened a door, and saying, 'Mind now, I shall come and see you again in a fortnight!' he made a dignified exit into a large cupboard, out of which he emerged in increased ill humour."

Anstey's recollections stretch from the late fifties to the nineteen-thirties and offer a remarkably living picture of life in literary London fifty years ago. He seems to have known everyone from George Meredith to Isadora Duncan. (There is a nice story about her rendering at Holman Hunt's house at Fulham of the "remorseful boar" after the slaying of Adonis.)

Anstey's last book, *Three Molière Plays*[3] adapted for the English stage, was published by the Oxford Press in 1933. He had previously translated *The Would-Be Gentleman* for Sir Nigel Playfair, and after a doubtful success in England, Anstey records: "I was as surprised as I was pleased to find that my *Would-Be Gentleman* was to be given a second chance, this time on the other side of the Atlantic, for Miss Eva Le Gallienne had applied for the right to produce it at her Repertory theatre, the Civic, New York." And this time it was a real success.

●

Another book (also posthumous) for quiet enjoyment of a very different kind is *In Tract of Time,*[4] a collection of poems by Helen Cornelius, "one of the events of the season, and of the year. The volume contains no marked lapses from poetry of the very first lyric order, of a metaphysical kind; and 'Lunar Legend' is a sonnet to stand in beauty with the finest poetic expression of our day," writes Louise Bogan in *The New Yorker.* Another appreciative reader of these poems is

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (2) $3.50. (3) $3.00. (4) $2.00

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The New Books

Art

JOHN MARIN, THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By E. M. Benson. Washington: The American Federation of Arts. 1936. $2.50.

That John Marin is one of the most outstanding artists of today is a matter of wide agreement. That there have been few who have understood him has been considered a tribute to his genius. It was time some one cleared the atmosphere surrounding Marin of the mysteriousness which to all true art lovers is offensive and silly. E. M. Benson has written a most intelligent and understanding monograph on the man and his work. No sensitive person endowed with a minimum of intelligence could fail to recognize from this clear-sighted analysis that Marin is a great painter, and that his work is as vigorous and as solid as the nature he recurs to for his inspiration. Mr. Benson never loses sight of the fact that art is not a thing to be weighed and catalogued, and that its subtleties are often indescribable. He manages nevertheless, through fusing his technical analysis of the artist's work with his philosophical dissertations on the artist's mind, habits, and temperament, to give to his readers a complete picture of the whole. His book cannot be recommended too highly.

P. M.

ART DEBUNKED. By Herbert Furst. Dutton. 1936. $1.50.

In this brisk and energetic little book the author takes a short way with the prevailing pure estheticism. He pleads for the validity of subject matter, for the rights of the patron, for the need of a link between artist and public. He questions the value of museums and of art schools, which, having no standards themselves, undertake to teach. In all this there is much that is wholesome and timely. It is summed up in the sentence: "When we say Art is function, we must mean complete function in the sense of our complete humanity." Mr. Furst goes as far as a robust common sense will carry one in the appreciation of art. Outcropping philistinisms unhappily diminish his effect, and tell us that while his theme requires robust common sense, it also requires much more.

F. J. M.

Biography

WHAT I LEFT UNSAID. By Daisy, Princess of Pless. Dutton. 1936. $3.50.

When a lady of title labels her literature "What I Left Unsaid," "Better Left Unsaid," and that sort of thing, she is deliberately playing for a certain sort of patronage that has a right to be disappointed when she fails to tell of naughty doings of Dukes and such. It is true that in this book practically everybody calls practically everybody darling, just as they do in the Hollywood studios, but there the similarity seems to end.

Yet this communicative Princess is not without her charm, which is quite independent of footnotes assuring the palpitant reader that the persons mentioned are thus and thus described by metes and bounds in Debrett. It is a naive charm, unsullied by profound thought. For example, when she becomes quite excitedly antisemitic she reminds one of nothing so much as a week-old kitten arching its back and spitting, in the fond belief that it is acting like a lion. We wouldn't have missed this book for a million dollars, and we wouldn't read her next one for twice that.

R. B.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA. By George Slocombe. Houghton Mifflin. 1936. $3.50.

The career of Don John of Austria has always been invested with romantic glamor. From his first dramatic appearance at the Spanish court, the bastard son of the emperor Charles V, a dazzling youth, handsome, athletic, winning in manner, appeared destined to eclipse his sullen, sedentary half-brother, Philip II. His early career, particularly the victories over the rebellious Moors, swelled the rumor of a fame which rose to a thunder of European applause when, still only twenty-six, he commanded the fleet of the Holy League at Lepanto. Thereafter his niche in history was secure: the champion of Christendom, the conqueror of the hitherto invincible Turk, "the last knight of Europe."

In attempting, without pretense of scholarship, to retell the familiar story in a popular style, the present biography encounters two difficulties. The first inheres in the subject: after Lepanto almost anything would have been anticlimactic, but the seven years that remained to Don John were a series of anti-climaxes. He lost the most important Spanish post in Africa and very nearly lost the Spanish Netherlands, and if he cannot be blamed for his failures, he showed no ability to redeem them. The crest of his astounding fame subsided in shallows and in miseries, an ending relatively and absolutely dull, confused, and unimportant. His biographer struggles also against a second difficulty, the insidious encroachments of the industrial disease known as "historian's English."

G. M.

MR. PEPYS UPON THE STATE OF CHRIST-HOSPITAL. By Rudolf Kirk. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1935. $2.

MR. PEPYS AND MR. EVELYN. By Clara Marburg. The same.

The combination of a revived and reviving interest in Samuel Pepys, the search for subjects for investigation—and Ph.D. degrees—and the grants from foundations, such as, in this case, the American Council of Learned Societies, has provided two additions to the rapidly increasing literature centering around the life and works of the great Secretary of the Navy. It has also, apparently, provided Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Kirk with a delightful opportunity for work abroad, and the rest of us with two attractive and informative volumes. Each is, in effect, an edition of writings with some fifty or seventy-five pages of introduction and half a dozen pages of notes. The first is concerned with the text of Mr. Pepys's Six Papers on the State of Christ-Hospital, reproduced in facsimile from the copy in the Bodleian Library. The second is a reprint of thirty-seven letters of the 127 or more which passed between Mr. Pepys and Mr. Evelyn. According to Mrs. Marburg-Kirk, fifty-seven of the total number known to exist have been printed, the other thirty-three seem to have been, for various reasons, inaccessible.

Together these volumes provide us

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE FIVE-MINUTE GIRL *Mary Hastings Bradley* (Appleton-Century: $2.50.)	Brief yarns	Varied yarns spiced with shots of paprika, jiggers of love, and mystery stuff about them there kind of folks you and we know.	Vacation fare
PORTRAIT OF THE BRIDE *Betty Miller* (Stokes: $2.)	Romance	Headaches and heartaches for the tender bride and the handsome groom in their first year of married life. Swell tear-jerking stuff for the femmes.	Good
MOTHER OF THE BRIDE *Alice Grant Rosman* (Minton Balch: $2.)	Novel	Noel marries Arnold ("Such a charming couple, my dear!") with oodles of bright dialogue and serio-comic complications in the best Rosman manner.	Wedding Cake
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT *Arthur Goodrich* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	Hosea Pike, Amurrican, tells all about how his boss, Dan Bates, edited a newspaper, befriended a real English Lord, saved a king's life, prevented a war, and woke up on his honeymoon to find himself President.	Folksey

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with additional details of those sides of Pepys's life which, though known in general before, have not before been treated in such detail. The editing is competent; the introductions at least ample, as well as informative, but, most unfortunately, as it seems to one reader, there is no index, an addition which would have been of especial value in such books as these.

W. C. A.

Fiction

SO LONG TO LEARN. Doreen Wallace. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

Novels of the soil have a family resemblance. There is a kind of patience and truth in their telling, their endings are indefinite and unresolved, and their heroines are alike in vigor and strong muscles. The Mary of "So Long to Learn" is the fine, robust creature that we expect, who learns discipline and compliance to fate in the hard school of a farmer's life. It is a well-written, convincing story, that may not prove altogether absorbing to American readers, for much of it is given over to detailed accounts of Suffolk farming, of farm politics and tithe raids, and the hard times of English farmers during the long depression. It has not the harsh, vivid quality of American novels of the same kind, but a smoother, slower mellowness that softens hardships to a traditional and almost romantic picturesqueness.

Threaded through the pattern of farming life, and the changing seasons, is a curious love story, a study in sublimation, Mary's love for someone who is not her dull, good husband, but a younger, finer-grained, more educated man, named Ardwell. This unrealized love seems a sorry, shadowy thing beside the hard, everyday realities that surround Mary and Ardwell, but it is not the point of the book; it simply makes a part of the discipline that Mary is so long to learn.

Miss Wallace seems to share her heroine's passion for farming and presupposes an equal interest on the part of the reader. The book on the whole is agreeable reading, with well-rounded characters, and freshly-worded bits of description that make vignettes of the English countryside.

C. C.

EVER THE WINDS BLOW. By Elliott Merrick. Scribner's. 1936. $2.50.

This biographical novel develops the character of Henry Frain from early childhood to early married life. The struggle of Frain's youth is to recover his natural strength and independence from the abject timidities which he has been encouraged in childhood to think normal and right. Emancipation continues during preparatory school, although with groanings and severe tribulation; it goes on through three years of Yale, through flight, work, hardship, furious discontent, and self-questioning, and eventual satisfaction in the life of nature on a Vermont farm, with the brave companionship of wife and children.

The novel has the merit of straightforwardness and of many pages of human understanding, never remarkable for subtlety, but often true enough and right enough in sympathy to be gratifying. But much would have been gained by liberal pruning. The amount of type given to babyhood, adolescence, and undergraduate life will seem to many readers unfortunate. These are preparatory and formative experiences in fiction as in life, and when only about a third of a novel takes place in terms which, even by an elastic use of the word, can be called adult, the novel is very likely to suffer. Henry as a Yale boy, moreover, will seem to some readers remarkably addicted to self pity for an undergraduate, especially when he seemed to have won so much of his battle in preparatory school. The heroine, who throws over her resources of wealth and fashion to plunge into the grimmest privations of daily wage labor in New York, finally adopting with passionate affection the difficulties of farming life in Vermont, may also strike some readers as less than completely credible.

"Ever the Winds Blow" is told with little art; events march in a straight biographical line, few nice turns of incident or cross-lights of memory and experience occur. And while pages and episodes take on, or begin to take on, some stir and eloquence of expression, altogether too much of the book is without distinction of style or mastery of word. No reader will deny it merit or fail to see honesty and humanity at least in parts; but it can hardly be called in any sense remarkable.

T. M.

THE ROAD TO SAN JACINTO. By J. Frank Davis. Bobbs-Merrill. 1936. $2.

The inspiration of this book is those events in field and council hall, 1835-36, by which Texas achieved her independence of Mexico. The plot follows a popular pattern for this kind of novel. There is the narrator, for convenience named Mark Lyle, who enters upon the stage in pursuit of a private feud and by fortuitous circumstances becomes a secret agent—in this case an agent for Houston and the Texas war party. That furthers his errand and also enables him to serve the reader as a reporter of history made and in the making. He acts as contact man. General Sam Houston is of course kept constantly in view; and in line with the title, the story leads to the battle of San Jacinto. In the pages appear Stephen Austin, Bowie, Travis, Milam, Fannin, Crockett, as well as fictitious characters representative of the rank and file within the Texas borders.

E. L. S.

THE OLD MAN'S COMING. By Gosta Gustaf-Janson. Knopf. 1936. $2.75.

Theater-goers will remember that old device whereby the maid or the butler would move about the stage during the first few minutes of Act One dusting and soliloquizing, giving us a running summary of everything that has happened before the rising of the curtain. It was never a satisfactory substitute for action, and it seems even more objectionable in a novel. The weakness of this book is that most of its critical events have taken place long before Page One. What we have is about four hundred pages of reminiscence, in preparation for about

(Continued on next page)

SPENDING AGAINST THAT RAINY DAY!

YOU are probably going away this summer. You may find yourself out of touch with your usual sources of information about books. And while we wish you the best of luck, after the third consecutive day of rain, you are going to wish that you had done something about having *The Saturday Review* follow you during your vacation. And whether your idea of roughing it consists of simply changing to paper napkins or in existing only on the game you can bring down with your own bow and arrow, *The Saturday Review* still offers you the best possible way of keeping informed on what is going on in the world of books. What's more, the magazine can follow you anywhere in the United States that boasts a Post Office, and at no additional charge.

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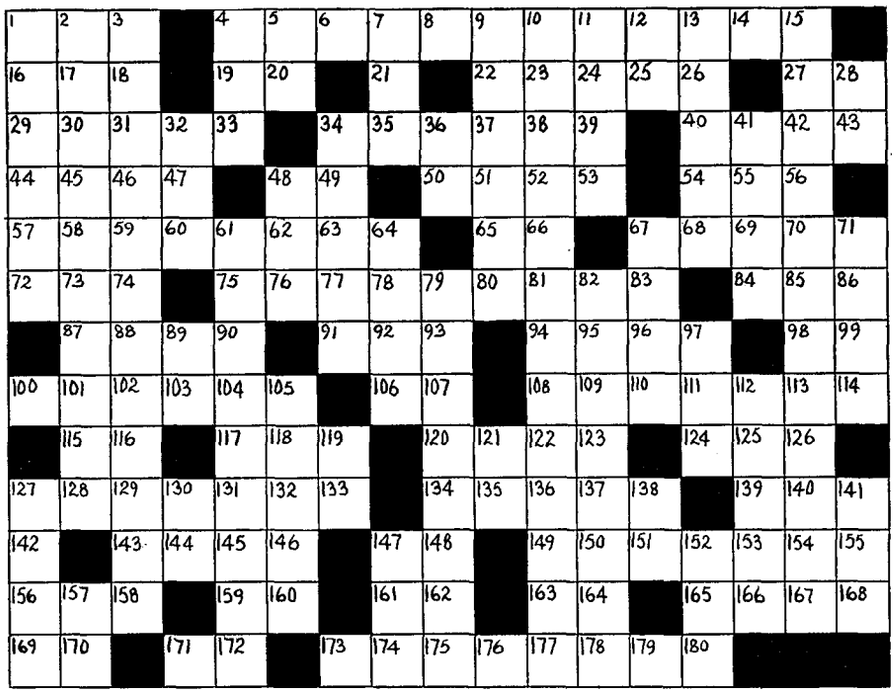
Double-Crostics: No. 119

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Moves unsteadily.

II. Stone inlay design.

III. Impetuous, fiery.

IV. Abode of the Norse gods.

V. Sacred Zoroastrian writings (comp.).

VI. Without spirit.

VII. Uncompromising.

VIII. To smarten up.

IX. Dormancy.

X. Mountain of Hercules's funeral pyre.

XI. Recess.

XII. Self-important (slang).

XIII. Burdensome.

XIV. Soubriquet of Wm. II of England.

XV. Russian poet (1799-1837).

XVI. Of the wood of the Quercus.

XVII. Artifice.

XVIII. Studio.

XIX. Plays.

XX. To free from acidity.

XXI. Husband of Mary Queen of Scots.

XXII. Eyeing coquettishly.

XXIII. Specked.

XXIV. Lacking coördination.

XXV. Religious recluse.

XXVI. River in Ireland.

WORDS

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
125 58 178 94 169 104 122

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
27 106 93 25 115 36

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
113 77 143 50 44 136 67 33 60

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
121 175 82 144 107 53

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154 95 116 133 171 100 80 164 124 92

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165 153 73 123 52 14 47 30

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13 97 117 162 16 147 172 177 112 83 102 65

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139 68 56 98 7 21 90 119

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
26 66 9 173 110 32

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159 141 168 89

___ ___ ___ ___ ___
129 19 157 118 8

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57 91 35 15 87 134

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150 59 146 23 51 31 10

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131 61 160 111 176

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70 2 64 88 145 166 54

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49 29 75 135 152

___ ___ ___ ___
72 4 42 180

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155 63 132 120 11 71 45

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114 126 142 69

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
74 105 128 86 40 148 17 163 48 39

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
34 55 103 109 78 24 179 85

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
1 22 79 41 5 151

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
130 161 12 43 101 81

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
62 76 149 174 127 158 3 28 46 167

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
170 137 96 38 6 108 18

___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
138 140 84 99 20 37 156

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ninety pages of climactic action. The thing is entirely out of proportion, and the climax itself is disappointing, as it had to be. Only a tremendous tour de force could live up to that long build up, and there is no such power in these pages. Taken individually, the sketches of personality are well drawn, even impressive at times, as we see these strangely assorted characters, each with his own reasons for dreading the coming of the Old Man—a kind of last judgment upon their lives. But it doesn't hold together, because they do nothing except wait, and because when he does come the story only sags to an inconclusive ending. The book has no present life in it, but rather a long past and an empty climax.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

UNCOMMON LAW. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

In this collection of thirty-seven hypothetical pieces of litigation Mr. A. P. Herbert proceeds to do justice, untempered with mercy, to British justice. He stages a gloriously undignified show. His scholarly equipment as a lawyer gives point and weight to his satire. The result is not merely good slap-stick, but a keen arraignment of British jurisprudence, the incongruities and defects of its principles and procedure, its antiquated forensic technique. He possesses a faultless gift of reproducing the vocabulary, the argumentative formulæ, the official stuffiness of court and counsel. The approach is essentially British, and the immediate ancestor W. S. Gilbert. One thinks at once of "Trial by Jury" and the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe."

The index is itself a work of erudition and rich in reference for research students.

Under "Golf" we have:

"Compared with murder, with torture, with adultery, 11, 12

Demoralizing effect on elderly gentlemen of, 11

Not covered by Profane Oaths Act (1745), 13."

The sympathetic forewords of Lord Atkin and Lord Hewart fortunately insure immunity to Mr. Herbert from contempt of court.

M. C.

ON PERCUSSION OF THE CHEST. By Dr. Leopold Auenbrugger—1761. With English Translation by Dr. John Forbes, 1824. Introduction by Henry E. Sigerist. Johns Hopkins Press. 1936. 75 *cents.*

Any writer of today who could create a small treatise which he knew would be considered an authority nearly two hundred years hence, should be proud and justified in his pride. This reprint of the treatise on the physical examination of the chest, by Dr. Leopold Auenbrugger of Vienna in 1761, is an attractive volume, admirably condensed. The comment upon this work, by Dr. John Forbes of London, and a brief introduction by Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, add to the value of the little work.

Without the aid of microscope, clinical

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thermometer, or preceding records, let alone X-Rays, Dr. Auenbrugger, after seven years of study and experiment, set forth the foundation of physical examination of the chest so concisely, clearly, and coherently that no writer of the present decade would greatly improve this 175-year-old document. A musician as well as a physician, Dr. Auenbrugger first noted that partially filled wine barrels gave a different note when tapped where the cask was empty and where it was filled. Experiments on human beings both before and after death led him to write this noteworthy treatise.

Dr. Forbes translated the treatise into English in 1824 and the teachings remain a standard for physical diagnosis today.

H. A. M., M.D.

STREAMLINE YOUR MIND. By James L. Mursell. Lippincott. 1936. $2.

Dr. Mursell's well focused and practical manual of mind management stands head and shoulders above the run of first and further aids to the ineffective. It has a factual basis, as he commands the results of laboratory work in Applied Psychology; it has the independence of outlook which corrects misimpressions that issue from conventional popular acceptances, and it moves toward a consistent and helpful view of the learning process adjusted to the learner.

J. J.

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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CLEO. Make it a lunch date and I'll tell you what the woodcutter said to Prince Eulenburg that shocked the whole of Europe. W. W.

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YOUNG MAN, twenty years old, Central European descent, of Pittsburgh suburb, invites correspondence. Box 420-B.

PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE. For sale: seven room cottage, A1 condition, with two large wooded lots; high ground. Box 426-B.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Municipal Reference Library published the other day a list of 59 books (both fiction and non-fiction) portraying the life of New York City. Miss Rebecca Rankin, the librarian, said that she had chosen mostly books published since 1917; and O. Henry was omitted "because most people have read him anyway." ☞Even so, the list seemed to Old Q. strangely inadequate. We print the selection of novels commended by the library, with a hope of welcoming additions from readers.

Bromfield, Louis. *Twenty-four Hours.* 1930.
Brush, Katharine. *Young Man of Manhattan.* 1929.
Cahan, Abraham. *Rise of David Levinsky.* 1917.
Chambers, Robert W. *Man They Hanged.* 1926.
Dos Passos, John. *Manhattan Transfer.* 1933.
Ford, Paul Leicester. *The Honorable Peter Stirling.* 1894.
Garrett, Garet. *Cinder Buggy.* 1923.
Hughes, Rupert. *Within These Walls.* 1933.
Kelland, C. B. *Hard Money,* 1930; *Jealous House.* 1934.
Poole, Ernest. *His Family.* 1917.
Powell, Dawn. *Turn, Magic Wheel.* 1936.
Riesenberg, Felix. *East Side, West Side.* 1927.
Train, Arthur. *The Confessions of Artemus Quibble.* 1911.

☞The good old Greene Line steamers (Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville) issue a pleasant folder, *Mark Twain Vacations,* and help the book business by suggesting "Be sure to take one or two of the following books: *Life on the Mississippi; Show Boat; The Log of the Betsy Ann; Sycamore Shores.*" ☞On his occasional trips far down town Old Peregrine Quercus always enjoys stepping (without permission) across the mystic bronze rule mortgaged into the pavement at S. E. corner of Broadway and Wall Street. It says: *Property Line of Irving Trust Co., Crossing by Permission Only.* ☞Before Mr. W. S. Hall, our Far Eastern courier, left recently for Philippines, China and Japan, he was taken to lunch by some admirers at Pete's Tavern, 129 East 18. This was, thirty years ago, a haunt of O. Henry. ☞David McCord tells us of an odd coincidence: he and an old friend and Harvard classmate, John Hodgdon Bradley, entirely without mutual knowledge, are both contributors in the summer issue of the *Yale Review:* Mr. McCord with a poem on "A Star by Day" and Mr. Bradley with an article which begins by describing meteors falling. ☞Mr. McCord notes that the Harvard class of 1921 has proved very throng with editors, publishers, and writers: e. g., John Cowles of the Des Moines *Register-Tribune;* Davis Merwin of the Minneapolis *Star;* Harold Guinzburg of the Viking Press; Quincy Howe of Simon & Schuster; Ralph Henderson of the *Reader's Digest;* Lawrence Spivak of the *American Mercury;* Roy Larsen of *Time* and *Fortune;* Noble Cathcart of our own SATURDAY REVIEW. ☞We had noticed already the unusual predominance of printers' ink in 1921 graduates of all colleges. Let us add to the list E. B. White of the *New Yorker* (Cornell, '21). ☞We should be interested to know if it applies to women alumnæ also? ☞We happened to encounter a care-worn and eye-strained editor who is helping to prepare the new edition of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations.* He grieved us by admitting that the good Yankee entry that always amused us is going to be changed: the listing of our favorite philosopher as "Francis M. Voltaire." ☞Two thrillers that gave Old Q. a week-end of perfect anesthesia: *The Island of Fear* by Hulbert Footner, and *This Gun for Hire* by Graham Greene. ☞In the latter, the young English (or Scottish?) author adopts something of the American gun-man-story technique but with subtleties quite his own. We don't care much for his coinage "bonhomous" (as adjective from *bonhomie*). ☞As for Mr. Footner, few writers have given us and our younger kindred such an enviable aggregate of innocent nepenthe. As we wrote once in his honor:—

There is only one author of mystery stories
Of whose books the children cry
When a new one arrives:
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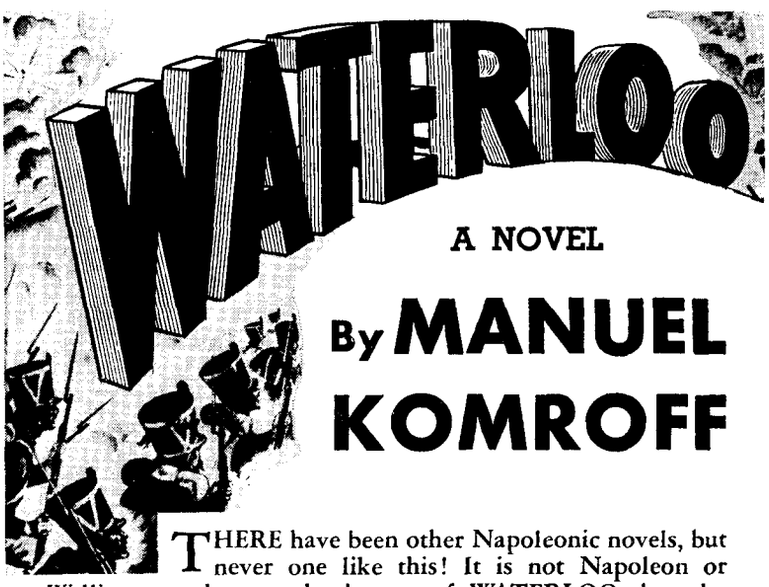
The author of CORONET now writes the vivid chronicle of history's most thrilling "hundred days"



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